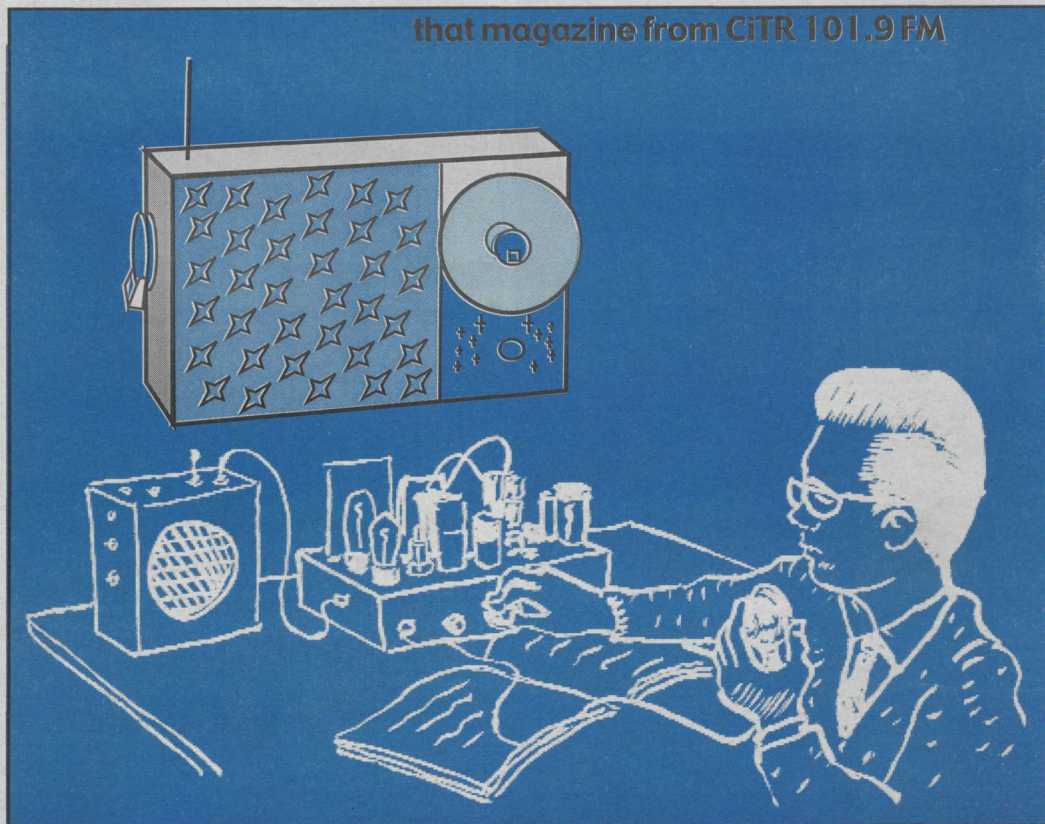


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that magazine from CiTR 101.9 FM



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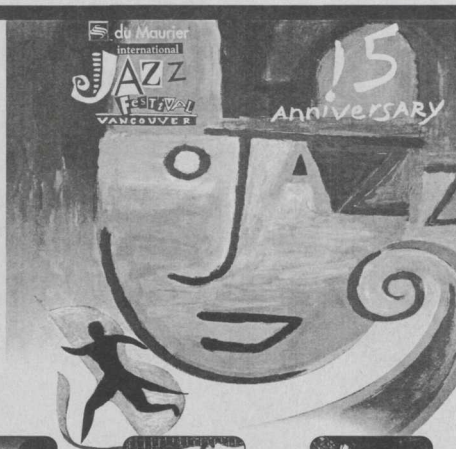


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june 23 - july 2, 2000

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06/29 **BUCKLEY/BATCHELOR QUINTET**

06/25 **ANDY MILNE'S COSMIC DAPP THEORY**

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DISCORDER

ISSUE 207 • JUNE 2000 • THAT MAGAZINE FROM CTR 101.9FM

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Cover

He's the MAN with the EXOTIC NAME who APPEARED OUT OF NOWHERE and GAVE US a WONDERFUL COVER. His NAME is JOSUÉ MENJIVAR and HE IS WHAT WE HERE at DISCORDER REVERENTLY call a "QUARK NINJA." GOD BLESS HIM and ALL HIS NINJA BRETHREN.

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the July issue is June 14th. Ad space is available until June 21st and can be booked by calling Maren at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc (Mac, preferably) or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send e-mail to DISCORDER at discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca.

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JUNE THUR 01

HOB Concerts presents

DILATED PEOPLES

plus SWOLLEN MEMBERS & guest AM. EARLY SHOW! Doors 7pm \$17 at ticketmaster, FWUH & Bassix, followed by... GROW residents Leanne & Vernon take over @ 11pm w/ deep & tech house presented by VIBE Clothing, Fusion Hair & Honey. \$5 after 11pm

JUNE SAT 03

Bassix, Pharsyde & Nordic Trax present

GROOVE ARMADA UK @ FEVER

A rare dj set from G.A.'s main men Tom Findlay and Andrew Cato. Prepare to "shake that ass!" Also spinning residents Tyler "B-Bone" Beaudin and Luke McKephart. Room 2: Dana D Doors 8pm Cover \$18.D.O.O.R ONLY

JUNE SUN 04

Sonar and Spectrum Entertainment present

THE JUNGLE BROTHERS

(Native Tongues/ Universal Zulu Nation, NYC) Doors 8pm Tix \$12 Advance available @ Sonar, Bassix, FWUH, FF and Zulu Records. \$16 Door.

JUNE MON 14

Spectrum Entertainment presents

DJ ROC RAID

From the X-Ecutioners - NYC sponsored by The Georgia Straight, The Burrough, Third Eye Magazine, DV8 and Canadian Hip Hop Online. It's an EARLY SHOW! Doors 8pm Cover \$15 at the Door. Limited number of \$10 advance tickets at: Sonar 683.6895, FWUH, Bassix & Futuristic Flavour.

JUNE WED 21

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Pepper Sands

DISORDER: Who are you (names, ages, instruments played)?

Pepper Sands: Citizen A (bass, vox), Adam (drums), Jay Slye (guitars), Greg Macdonald (keys, guitars).

Rumour has it, Pepper Sands, that one or more of you hail from the Yukon. Is it true? Inform us... what's in the Yukon? Any bands from up there that you could tell us about, or perhaps were an influence?

Why yes, believe it or not, the Citizen A and Adam both spent their



early rock years performing in the Yukon. There is a lot of snow and many loved ones in the Yukon, there are a lot of little things in the Yukon—little bridges, little buildings. You have to see it to believe it. We also know that the Pepper Sands played Music Waste '98, not necessarily the same line-up, however. How has the line-up changed since then, and do you folks ever intend to play at Music Waste?

The lineup from the Music Waste show in '98 has changed quite a bit. Our former band mates and fellow Yukon chums, Jenny and Lionel, thought that the rock 'n' roll lifestyle wasn't for them. Pepper Sands played their last show with J and L at Music West last year. It was a rousing farewell performance for two great musicians and friends, but, as they say, the show MUST go on.

Sonny and Cher, Ike and Tina, Kurt and Courtney: how do you feel about couples in music, Pepper Sands?

Er... next question.

You were recently a part of the Vancouver Special compilation, and you were also on one in the past entitled Northern Lights Vol. 1. Have you been on any others?

We also noticed that you featured the same song on both releases. Pourquoi, Pepper Sands? Who else did you play with at the recent Good Jacket gig, and how did it go?

We were on both compilations with the same great song. We wanted to contribute to both as they are for 1) really great causes, 2) feature awesome local bands and artists, and 3) an opportunity to play a couple of great shows with a few of those great bands. We used the same song because when approached it was the only one from our new EP, *Welcome to...Pepper Sands*, that we had finished. We thought that the Good Jacket show at the Marine Club was fun. We played with The Goblins, the Riff Randells and the Ewoks.

Ask yourself two questions and answer them.

What is it all about?

It's all about the rock.

Why can't we all just get along?

Er... next question.

Anything else to add?

Stay tuned for more PS recordings and shows all across this great country of ours. •

Discography

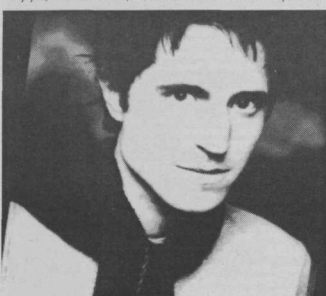
Forest Strays EP, 1998

Welcome to...Pepper Sands EP, 2000

Contact

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In the fifth year since its inception, Grrrlpalooza has grown, expanding to face the challenges existing in an ever-changing underground music scene. Rather than be overshadowed by major label events like Lilith Fair, Grrrlpalooza has taken on genres that continue to be dominated by men. This year, the event will kick off on June 9th at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre with an evening of women in hip hop, hosted by Kig Kadiri and featuring DJ Ariel, Off the Record, Nidiki Cascade, Q8 with Vinyl Richie, Sarka Kocicka, and DJ Splice. While women have been scratching and rapping long before Jurassic 5, they still seem to get neglected from major labels, tours and even underground compilations such as *Return of the DJ* or *Deep Concentration*. It takes all-women events, like Grrrlpalooza, or albums like *Fat Beats and Bra Straps* to remind us that women are producing some excellent sounds.

Meegan Maultsail, the coordinator, says that Grrrlpalooza started out as a "vehicle for women artists to showcase their talents. The original idea was to create a space where women of different mediums, including musicians, film makers, spoken word and visual artists could work together to present a show

that was diverse and had political content." Women in all these genres will be represented on June 10th. The second night of Grrrlpalooza highlights a number of punk acts, which the event

opportunity to witness a punk girls' choir, Shuswap artist Tania Willard's paintings, and a sketch comedy act. Beyond a unique audience experience, the participating artists have a chance to

GRRRLPALOOZA V

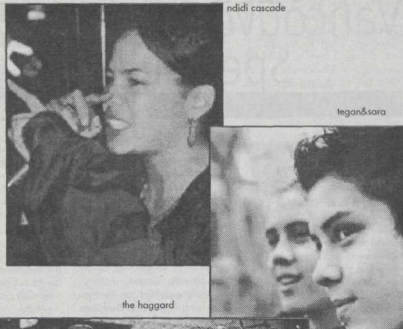
by namiko kunimoto

has "traditionally" focused on, as well as visual art, a fire performance by Kira of Firebelly

It's not about making money or catering to a specific audience, it's more about developing an ongoing event that incorporates radical thinking and political analysis into its agenda.

and comedy by the 30 Helens. Bands performing include Unspoken (electro-acoustic sounds from Mikela and Co.), The Haggard, Uncouth, Tegan and Sara, Che: Chapter 127 and drag king Barrett & Co. Meegan points out that the show is less about spotlighting a headliner group as it is about bringing together a diverse group of strong women artists. Nowhere else would one get the

work with those they might not otherwise cross creative paths with. Maultsail describes the event as "women organizing and creating space where we don't have to compete with men just to be heard. It's not about making money or catering to a specific audience, it's more about developing an ongoing event that incorporates radical thinking and political analysis into its agenda. It's really too bad that instead of bailing on Lilith Fair, that Sarah didn't contact me and let me take it over. I could have revolutionized it and made it a way more interesting event." •



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what we listened to while turning this bitch out

frank zappa 200 motels • buzzcocks operator's manual • refused songs to fan the flames of discontent • the haggard a bike city called greasy • half japanese greatest hits • zoogz rift & marc mylar nutritionally sound • solex solex vs. the hitmeister • medeski, martin & wood tonic • marc ducret un certain malaise • sonic youth 1000 leaves • marc ribot y los cubanos positos muy divertidos! • skinny puppy too dark park • andrew w.k. girl's own juice ep • the distillers s/t • iron maiden number of the beast • bob dylan blonde on blonde • hank williams III risin' outlaw • youth brigade/swingin' utters • merle haggard & willie nelson poncho and lefty • the residents george & james • the residents stars & hank forever! • de la soul vs. dj splice • the melvins crybaby • marvin gaye live • devo greatest misses

Parts

**Unknown
Ain't now**
"Acoustic guitar and electric guitar with squalling feedback and bursts of brass and vinyl crackles; ambient electronic noise and odd oscillations hover in the far reaches of the mix." Toronto Star
Dad Dads

Classified

Unrehearsed
The debut full length record from one of Halifax's most active producers, writer, and DJ. Features performances by the Grand Squads.
Rau/RP

Ditcher

The Vain Vaino
Theatrical CD-updates Bisouf atmospheres, static, odd noises, crackles, bells, buzzing, and random voices combine to create a strikingly theatrical textures. "Kali-style digital deconstruction with a pacific perspective."
Ariola

Fermented

**Reptile • Let's
Just Call You
Quinta**
A deadly combination of cosmic, futuristic, honky & culture jamming with a strong repertoire of politically charged songs. No two like you've never heard
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Dusty Sunset

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S.D. SCORDER

Vancouver Special



BY JANIS MCKENZIE & JAMAAL

local cds

BUCK Buck in Black (Lance Rock)

If you failed to notice Lisa Marr's wicked streak during her days in *Cub*, you might be surprised to hear what she does with her LA band, **Buck**. There's an attractively hard-living, up all night drinking and smoking, **Kim Deedish** pissed-off quality to her voice here, and when Lisa screams, "I'll give you something to cry about" (just one example, from "Get My Goat!"), it seems wise to take her at her word. Pepper Berry, the guitarist, keeps up with the singer on both the loudness and cleverness fronts, playing bagpipe-like bits, a snippet from " Yankee Doodle Dandy," and faux-incompetent lute licks, as well as the huge chords required for the big, big third produced by this speedy three-piece. Apparently these seven noisy, huzzah songs were recorded in one day. Wow. www.smythrecords.com/buck_janis

THE BELL JAR *The Bell Jar (Independent)*

When I think of Vancouver all-female three-piece bands, it's **The Disregs**, **Cub**, and **Maow** that first come to mind. Different as they were, they had a few things in common, like being cute (or tough), clever, and playing simple, catchy, youthfully petulant (and sometimes loud) tunes. **The Bell Jar** consists of three females too, but they seem determined not to be cute or simple, or even to look exactly like a band. Instead, these are three grown women playing songs that seem drawn from sources as varied as psychedelic, blues, and very early metal. The singer, Caroline Hamel, plays a bit of keyboards, as well as the sort of over-the-top freckled guitar usually reserved for the other sex, then signs of adult discontent with icy-cool control. Since she's so good looking, plays guitar so well, and does the singing, you might expect this to be the Carole's Hamel show, but when I saw them live a few months ago, the

very solid rhythm section was just as interesting to watch. Jodi Doll, the only one not held in place by a mic stand or drum stool, jumped merrily around with her butt; CC Rose, on drums, kept her head down and hit the skins with an intensity that was downright sexy. There are just five songs on this CD, but it leaves a big impression. thebelljar.cjb.net

Janis

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Good Jacket Presents: Vancouver Special (Mini)

I've had my heart broken by a few compilations and, given the name of this one, I was already feeling a bit stung when I slid it into my CD player. Fortunately, **Thee Goblins** forced me to snap right out of it with the very first song. (Either you like something this goofy and garage-bubble-gummy or you don't. Apparently I do.) And there are 23 more tracks on *Vancouver Special*, including offerings from **Neko Case** (who can't help putting a bit of that country

thing into her song with **The New Pornographers**). **The Secret Three**, **Pepper Sands**, **Shindig!** '98 champs **Clover Honey**, **Riff Randalls**, **July 4th Toilet**, **Ripcord**, and one of my local music heroes, **Steve Hamer**, making an over-the-top appearance as half of **Canned Hamm**. There's a massive variety of styles here, and some of the songs are dead serious, some are dead silly, and some are a very pleasant surprise, which is exactly what I want from a compilation. Not only that, but the proceeds go to A Loring Spoon. A winner. www.mintrecs.com

Janis

What a good month for CDs! Support your local indie record store—buy them all. *

local demos

The word is in that last month's installment of these very adventures ended with a self-congratulatory decision to cut short in lieu of wandering, though the preceding column had shown none of this tendency towards maintaining focus. How amateur. My sincerest apologies. I'll be keeping it brief this time. You know, for the people.

TACKLEBOX is some kind of Vancouver all-star band featuring a member of someone

and someone else. They're pretty metal (God bless), and the guitar work is to be admired, but the singer only caught me on one of three tracks. Must see live. Being seen ads. 604.255.2080

Coolest tale of the month goes to **The Enticer** by Victoria's **PANTY BOY**. Hand-drawn alligator in tuxedo, "Rrr, ladies, rrr." Good stuff. Music is favourite too. **Loft Back/Wien/Melch**. Up. Sounds cliché, but take a chance, why don't ya? 250.386.4703

Hardest fuck-yeh rockers of the month goes to Seattle's **RIVER RATS**. Maybe this is my favourite. Straight up punk rock then roll. When are they coming to town? When are they recording again? Hurry. (phibot.com)

KEN LODGE of Abbotford has a really interesting voice, but it's trapped under infinite layers

of shifty, overproduced, '80s television theme pop vomit. Someone should take the vocal tracks and remix them. 604.855.0585

THE LOLLIES feature two Canucks, one boy and one girl (all ladies, mind you), and entertain with songs like "Green Card Marriage," "She's a Lesbian Now," and "I Could Do a Better Job of Being Famous." Unfortunately, their particular brand of lo-fi pop is a little too repetitive for me. Either their voices or their vocal recording technologies fail. 604.228.1711

And finally, **JURRIST** hail from Merritt and either attend high school or only play high school coffee houses. Their limited, but finely honed, brand of nostalgia is pleasing if not engaging. [No contact] *Jamaal*

DiSCORDER

July issue deadlines:

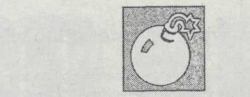
copy: June 14

ad booking: June 21

artwork: June 26

streets: June 30

Louder Than A Bomb



BY NAT X

I get sick when I hear knowledge white journalists start talking about "Africa's problems." Over and over you hear the same litany of catch phrases: "ethnic violence," "not ready for democracy," "the hopeless continent," the "seeming inability of African states to develop in peace." All this, of course, is just a thinly veiled re-inscription of the same deeply ingrained racism that justifies the exploitation of the poor and the brown: a modern "White Man's Burden." But media coverage is not my point; it simply serves to justify the unconscionable injustice of the world powers. North America, Europe, and the UN should by two years ago when Sierra Leone was overrun by the RUF, while children as young as six were forced to watch their parents slaughtered in front of them and threatened with the same if they didn't join the RUF. The few foreigners in Freetown were pulled out because it was "too dangerous" to remain. International attention went from little to none after the last foreign journalists were recalled, a situation which allowed the RUF to engage freely in one of the most brutal campaigns of the century. Tens of thousands of civilian deaths later,

a regional peace-keeping force managed to secure an uneasy peace. The great powers didn't even bother to make excuses for their negligence. The big difference, of course, between Sierra Leone and certain other cases of human tragedy was "strategic value" and profit. Although most citizens of the nation have never seen a diamond in their lives, Sierra Leone has some of the world's largest diamond fields, so it was in the West's interest to keep the war going: buy diamonds from the rebels at lowered prices then sell them arms at inflated rates. To make an even tidier profit, sell arms to the government forces as well... a nice neat little package [even after the weapons moratorium, the British government admitted to providing weapons to the SLA forces]. There was no UN intervention because there was no American interest in stopping the conflict. Unlike the former Yugoslavia, where the Serbs were some of the lost opposition to NATO expansion into Eastern Europe, or East Timor where the fighting eventually threatened to destabilize Indonesian oil production, Sierra Leone's value was actually increased by destabilization [dropping the price of its diamond

exports]. This brutal "revolution" has been the best thing to happen to the international diamond traders [including several Canadian companies] in many years. When people ask why the West should intervene in genocidal campaigns in the developing world there is only one answer: The West creates and sustains these dependent economies, the colonial legacy of the Western nations is responsible for creating conflict, unstable national boundaries, the West profits from the poverty of developing nations by exploiting their cheap natural and human resources, so the West has a responsibility to help clean up the mess it's made. These problems aren't foreign or remote, they show up in our everyday lives. Next time you think about buying anything made with a natural diamond, think about the real human cost of the retailer's appealing 20%-off discount. We, as consumers, share a huge responsibility for continuing the process and others like it. If we're already happily paying for the rockets, guns, and machetes that are destroying these nations, why do we refuse to pay for the food, bandages, bricks and mortar needed to rebuild them? *

National Hip Hop Week: Get up, Get into it, Get involved!

Pay attention, "class" is in session. There is a new movement building: a generation of peoples that are infected, motivated, and invested by the intensity of hip hop culture. And we're sick and tired of being portrayed in the media—and the music—as thugs, bitches, plmps, p-lays, and h-fisters who sport major coin, ice and as being uneducated. So what can we do about it? We must fight back, let our voice be heard, unite, create, and educate by getting involved in National Hip Hop Week (NHHW).

New! I know that National Hip Hop Week may be a new concept or idea to most of you, and it should be, "cause this idea is only getting underway this year—as an extension of last year's event at CISF Radio 93.7 Cofle FM. Last year myself [Needle Kinewall] and Nick-toe organized a special day of focused programming at CISF called **The Breakdown: Celebrating Hip Hop Culture**. This special day of focused programming was a 24-hour celebration and exploration of the roots of hip hop culture and also of the hip hop scene in Vancity. But this day was also something more. It was an opportunity for the hip hop community to get

access to media—campus-community media—to represent hip hop like only hip hop heads could. This access was given by inviting anyone who was interested in doing a radio show for a day to grab some air time and speak their piece and represent their knowledge. And damn, Vancity did represent! Out of the 24-hour day, 25 heads who have never done a radio show before did 18 hours of programming. And if you ask them [eg. DJ Hedsprin, Birdspies, Eph Roc, Kilo-Cee, The Promised Land collective and others] they'll let you know how much fun it was to be involved in both the broadcasting as well as the event!

It is these same principles that are driving NHHW in the year 2000. CISF Radio has joined CISF Radio to bring to both of our airwaves this year's theme: hip hop politics and the politics of hip hop culture. Once again we are calling out to the hip hop community for peeps who want to get involved. Peeps, like you, who have something on your mind about hip hop that makes you happy or sad, that you want to express. Here's some of the issues we are looking for peeps to talk about: racism, individualism, complex, war on drugs, the ele-

ments of hip hop, stereotypes of/in hip hop [eg. sexist perspectives, homophobia], mainstream vs. underground and a whole lot more. It doesn't matter if you have been listening to hip hop since "Rapper's Delight" first came out or if you got involved in hip hop just yesterday. If you have something to say about hip hop culture and you want others to know what you're feeling, then contact us immediately: CISF (Anthony) at 717-9378 or kinewall@cjsf-bc.ca or CISF (Bryce) at 822-1242 or cinval-unter@gmail.usa.bc.ca. This year's event is taking place at CISF and live on the net (cjsf-bc.ca) on Thursday, June 29th and at CISF on Friday, June 30th. And to kick things off there will be an outdoor jam at [in front of the library] on Wednesday, June 28th from 11:00am-4:00pm. Join us as we build and create a national movement while uniting Vancity's hip hop community, giving them new opportunities for empowerment. Time is short so don't sleep—you don't want to miss this opportunity! If you missed the boat last year, don't get lost in the sauce this year! *

Anthony Chung, aka Needle Kinewall

7 inch



BY JULIE COLERO

By the time this little column makes it into print, I should be somewhere in Germany, trying to convince either **Mouse on Mars**, **The Murder City Devils**, or **The Causeway** to let me be their new roadie. If that fails, then I will be sitting in the McDonald's across the way from the best church ever in Cologne, drinking a beer. Whatever the case may be, I'll be far, far away from the evils of Vancity. I will be missing my Saturday soccer games, though.

It's a good thing I've got my column to keep me busy—otherwise, I would have to be packing! The records that I am listening to and reviewing right now might be the last good things I hear for a whole month (trust me, the stuff they serve up in the discos and bars of Europe is stinky!), so I am going to make the most of this. I'll finish up on time, I might run over to Drippytown to inform them that "a lot" is two words, and not one. My good deeds never cease! Oh, and I'm supposed to start some other rivalries as well.

Beans suck, Secret Three rule. What else?

Oh yeah, records. Seeing as how this is a review column, I ought to get down to business. A good place to start would be with the new **BIG JOHN BATES** record. I'm impressed, John's got a good rock 'n' roll thing going on, and the four songs on this release showcase his talented songwriting and playing skills. Featuring two



vocal a n d i n s t r u m e n t a l t r a c k s , t h i s a t t r a c t i v e (o h , r e d v i n y l) 7" w o u l d b e a g o o d w a y t o i n t r o d u c e y o u r s e l f t o a l o c a l t a l e n t . H e l o o k s a n d s o u n d s p r e t t y m e a n o n t h i s r e c o r d , b u t d o n ' t l e t t h a t s t o p y o u f r o m g o i n g t o s e e h i m p l a y a r o u n d t o w n (N e a r l y N u d e , D e p t 3 , 1396 W. 11th Vancouver, BC V6H 1K8) H m m m . . . M y d a d s e e m s t o l i k e t h e n e w **RED STARS**

THEORY. Should I be a rebellious (not-so-youthful) youth and disagree, or should I just admit that "Naïve," the instrumental aside to the band's newest 7", sounds great? It's a pared-down version of a **John Coltrane** song, with a violin subbed in for a saxophone. They don't call this band dreamy for nothing! The b-side is a bit weirder, with some of SA's own good ideas. I didn't think I liked this band. I was wrong. (Suicide Squeeze, 4505 University Way NE, Box 434 Seattle, WA 98105)

Here's another winner for you—**DEAR NORA.** On Magic Marker records, the label I owe many thanks to for the release of **The All Girl Summer Fun** (Portland really does have its finger firmly pointed upwards in that "Number One!" kinda way. This is a very lo-fi pop release, four songs of sweet girl vocals

over pleasant guitars and simple drum work. Some of these kids are in **Wolf Colonel**, but judging from K and their overly-large, under-appreciated roster these days, I doubt that'll mean much to many. Never mind. (Magic Marker, PO Box 9342 Portland, OR 97207)

Another band who didn't receive enough attention with their big US debut is **THE WISDOM OF HARRY.** I wish I could tell you all the story of this UK band, but instead I will encourage you to go and listen to their music. The 7" that I got, **Coney Island of Your Mind**, features a strong title track, with more singing (and better) than I had expected. The two b-side tracks are both instrumentals, with lots of neat electro things going on. That would be the wave of now, but this band's been coasting on it for a few years, at least. (Motador, 625 Broadway, New York, NY 10012)

LOW SUNDAY GHOST MACHINE sounds like a lot of drone fuzz. No joke, I can't really remember anything special about this. I just listened to it three minutes ago. I guess that's either because of my short attention span, or because I'm listening to a really good **Major 3** single. I think that a bit of both makes me unsure whether or not to recommend the two tracks which feature some average male mopey vocals and some spaced-out guitar. Here's

the address, if that glowing review touched you right in that special mail-order place. (Bliss, 5879 Darlington, Pittsburgh, PA 15217)

And now, on to the cause of my pleasant distraction. Two 7"s by **MOJAVE 3.** Sometimes, when they're not churning out weird synth idggy music, 4AD put out cool releases. Mojave 3 are one of the label's best bands right now, and I was pleased as all get-out to receive four whole songs from a band I'm just learning to love. I saw the band open for **Gomez** and enjoyed the mellow sounds. I am pleased to say that they sound just as good recorded as they do live. All the songs are well-crafted pop songs, with no-nonsense vocals atop lush musical arrangements. I'm always a sucker for a trumpet and a trombone. (4AD, www.4ad.com)

THE ELECTRO GROUP wins some mod bonus points for neat packaging for their new **Line Of Sight** single. All trapped up in a cloth bag is the way this one landed on my desk, and after trying to invent clever ways to make the bag my own, I turned my attentions to the record inside. I'm very glad that I did. The Electro Group make very dreamy pop music which sounds almost fuzzed up enough to belong on a **My Bloody Valentine** album. The Electros aren't quite as adventurous, but the band does manage to craft some very beautiful pop songs

with enchanting female vocals that float happily through the brain... (Omnibus, no address) Whoa. What's up with **BRASSY?** This band is on

WIIJII, the label I will always love for **Huggy Bear** and **Bis**, and this sounds a bit more crazy than recent label releases. At first, I thought that this might be a di project, observing some intense scratching skills on the title track, "Work it Out." Judging by the fact that the spunky, noisy female vocalist who made the first track shine is still in action on the b-side, I guess this is a band of sorts. Whatever it is, it sounds pretty hot. The people that got on that **Maloko** song "Sing It Back" last year should really eat this one up. Two of the three tracks are very danceable, and the third is a cute show-off di skill track. (Wiiiii, 17-19 Alma Road, London, SW18 1AA, UK)

One last thing—if you people are too lazy to write to any of these labels to get their stuff, don't forget to try and find this stuff around town. There are plenty of nice little shops filled with good records where you can probably find a lot of this stuff I write about. Also, if anyone knows where I can get a copy of the new **Milky Wimpshake 7"**, I will smuggle you back as many crazy drugs and bags of black licorice from Europe as you'd like. Promise. *

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THEY'RE PARTNERS SEX & GETTING HITCHED!

SATURDAY JUNE 17 8:00-9:00
SHIRAZI REECHO'S
FINGERLICKS IN THE PEACOCK

SUNDAY JUNE 18 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

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WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 29 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

THURSDAY DECEMBER 30 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

FRIDAY JANUARY 1 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SATURDAY JANUARY 2 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SUNDAY JANUARY 3 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

MONDAY JANUARY 4 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

TUESDAY JANUARY 5 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 6 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

THURSDAY JANUARY 7 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

FRIDAY JANUARY 8 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SATURDAY JANUARY 9 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SUNDAY JANUARY 10 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

MONDAY JANUARY 11 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

TUESDAY JANUARY 12 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 13 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

THURSDAY JANUARY 14 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

FRIDAY JANUARY 15 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SATURDAY JANUARY 16 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SUNDAY JANUARY 17 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

MONDAY JANUARY 18 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

TUESDAY JANUARY 19 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 20 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

THURSDAY JANUARY 21 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

FRIDAY JANUARY 22 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SATURDAY JANUARY 23 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SUNDAY JANUARY 24 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

MONDAY JANUARY 25 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

TUESDAY JANUARY 26 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

WEDNESDAY JANUARY 27 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

THURSDAY JANUARY 28 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

FRIDAY JANUARY 29 8:00-9:00
REASONABLE HAND DRAWN FACSIMILE

SATURDAY JANUARY 30 8:00-9:00

Radio Free Press

ZINES • BY SAM & BLEEK

This is the second installment of Radio Free Press in column form so let's get a few things straight right off the bat, meadhead. We know how it can be when someone comes along reviewing zines. We've read the letters to Doug Holland at the *World*, heard Factsheet Five's

LETTERS FROM THE FREAKIN' EDGE VOL II



\$3

Seth Friedman whine and Bleek has personally given Bat Niedzwicki shit about the reviews in *Broken Pencil*. People love to shoot the messenger.

They figure if you are the pilot in the line reviewing seat, that you are setting yourself up as an expert. But we don't claim to be experts, just interested participants, okay? We do the Radio Free Press show (Wednesdays 2-3pm) and this column. But we're really just like you because, in this game, you are your own expert, dig? Mark our words, someone is going to go all postal about something we write, which is fair enough. But please take it easy on us, 'cos we ain't claiming to be the be-all and end-all. You must chill! We're a bath with one of those bath bomb things. Feeling relaxed? Okay, let's talk about zines, baby.

Let's start things off with some veteran punk pee-zine hijinks. Andy, creator of *Yrn Johnny* and *I Don't Give a Fuck*, is back on top form. If you've travelled through Andy's tales before you know that Andy's band is Vancouver's own Submission. Heald and that infamous series—'Johnny' was a brute from the first zine who bush-

ed a large window or something...we think. Anyway, this is a lovely 220-page mini-book.



Andy has a whole of a tale to tell again about his band touring in a crusty van named Kilgore, meeting old friends, comrades and relatives. This is great hand-written material which should be of incredible value come 20 years time when young rebels are looking to their bitchin' pre-

decessors. (\$7 or so from PO Box 21553-1850 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, BC V5N 4A0).

Also in the hand-written punk pee-zine category is the much-loved *Cometbus*. It's the work of an old school punk rocker called Aaron and consists entirely of his hand-written (very) short stories about life, love and staying true to your ideals. Even if you don't share Aaron's Luddite idealism, there's no denying that *Cometbus* is beautifully crafted. The layout is inviting, the prose accessible and compelling. Whereas other zines this personal degenerate into solipsism, Aaron uses his experiences as a launchpad for musings on much wider issues. (\$2.50US from PO Box 4279, Berkeley, CA 94704, USA).

As does Vancouver's Brad Yung in *Stay as You Are*. Rather than prose, he uses concise cartoons which mix clarity, surrealism and cosmic humour. It's a pleasure to see work that doesn't use it's cynicism cheaply. It's a crime that a comic strip this imaginative and funny isn't in international syndication. Maybe the misanthropic tone of the work would leave a bad taste in newspaper readers' mouths. At least Brad's putting his misanthropy to a creative use. (#5 available for \$2 from PO Box 300, Parkgate North Vancouver, BC V7H 2Y8)

Which is more than we can

say for crazed Ontario John Doh. His *Letters from the Freakin' Edge Vol II* consists of crank letters to various Canadian corporations. This is hardly an original idea, but the sheer puerile silliness and psy-

chism of combining stooping humour with nicely crafted prose, but it occasionally degenerates into cinselly lovatronic snickering. (\$3 from PO Box 2959, Hearst, ON P0L 1N0)

Another trip to the funny farm comes courtesy of Vancouver's own Jason McClean, creator of *Mister Bo-Bo Library Mail*. McClean—under the mysterious name of Bouffant Schnauzer—has pilfered a \$ix Million Dollar Man colouring book and greatly defaced it, travelling way outside the lines, utilizing clashing pigments and twisting the original intent entirely. God only knows who McClean's influences might be, but there is some late-'80s work by Koz (Poop Deck Mysto Cinema from Row) with similar pop-art-versus-avant-garde abstractions. McClean claims that there is another half of this book called *Volvo Rollbars* and that he has teamed up with Seattle cartoonist Megan Kelso for a 'book arts show at the Seafac Airport'. The exhibit is named Low Tech Time Capsules and is showing 'til July. (\$5.60 from 713 East Pender Street, Vancouver, BC V6A 1V8)*

Stay as you are.

by Brad Yung \$2.00



chotic strangeness of Doh's approach mark *Letters* out from the more earnest competition. Where others subtly expose the hypocrisy and uncaringness of the corporate world, Doh prefers to score and ridicule his victims in the most mean-spirited fashion. Anyone can put together a photocopied mag full of childish bad taste, it's quite another thing to craft something genuinely provocative and amusing from it. The results here are mixed. At its best, this zine thrives on the

Zines on the Web

Bubblegum Cage
http://i.com/bubblegumcage
Stay as You Are
http://i.com/ignoringyou-

Kill Your Boyfriend

COMIC REVIEWS BY ROBIN

ENKI BILAL The Dormant Beast (Humanoids)

Sometimes I see things that make me stand still. One time I was walking down Robson and I noticed a book in a window. I had never seen anything like it. The colour, the intensity, the texture... so much about it drew me. It was *Le Sommeil du Monstre*, by Enki Bilal. It was beautiful—and it was in French. Now, there was a company about five years ago that was publishing his stuff in English, but it went under before he did. Le Sommeil du Monstre. Recently, Humanoids Publishing has been reprinting all of Bilal's work. It wasn't long before they did the one I was so smitten with, now called *The Dormant Beast*.

Set in the future, it tells the story of Nika, a man found as a newborn in war-torn Sarajevo in 1993. He makes a promise to protect Lela and Amir, the two other babies that have come to join him in the hospital. The comic starts with Nika being interviewed, for he has since become the man with the greatest memory of all time. The year is 2026, and Nika is program-

ming the memory computer. He slowly remembers the promise he made on his 18th day of life. Amir, Lela and Nika were all separated after the hospital blew up; the story tells us of Nika's search for them. It's a very cohesive science fiction tale on par with William Gibson. Espionage, robot doctors, assassinations, conspiracy, political reform groups and, of course, religion and the government all keep the story moving.

I've never really been a huge fan of sci-fi, and at times I found the story a little heavy on the conspiracy side, but it's engaging and easy to follow, even though it jumps around in time and place a lot: from the underground to space, or the war in Sarajevo to New York, yet it flows seamlessly. Bilal also refuses to conform to one format. Most of his books have excerpts from various print media within the story, adding yet another perspective. It's a violent, Machiavellian world Bilal creates, and it's believable.

Bilal is one of the few comic artists that uses pastels and charcoal. Furious charcoal lines with murky, sketchy texture that still

manage to maintain a crisp and stark line. Bilal also manages to bury simplistic detail within the kinetic energy of his art. It demands to be touched with its heavy tactile resonance. This darkness is typical of every dystopian vision, but Bilal drives off the road with his flashes of colour. Black, thick black, with intense, vibrant, bright blue. Grey, washed-out white with angry, screaming red slashing up his page. Very lush; it starbles. His only downfall is something I call "the Kirby Syndrome" where all the women look the same save for different hairstyles. His characters rarely emote, either, but there always seems to be this huge undercurrent of tension within his pages. It's captivating, and that's where the story comes in and distracts you once again.

A lot of them, when asked about favourites or known comic artists from France, are quick to mention Hergé and Moebius. But I find Bilal to be the unforgettable one. The stories are intelligent and interesting, and the art is gorgeous and distinctive. What else could you ask for? *



once there was an accordion-playing audio art hot blues mama named anna friz. she was the programming coordinator at citr and put up with all of our shit for more than two years. now she's escaping to the (relative) freedom of academia. we love her and wish her lots of luck.

goodbye mommy! we'll miss you.

love,

all the freaks at citr. xox



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GIANT SAND

BY ANNA FRIZ

PHOTOS BY ANN GONCALVES

Giant Sand is an incredibly prolific band from Tucson, Arizona. Howe Gelb has led the band through a meandering career that is a 20-year improvisational experiment, and whose various mutations include OP8, Friends of Dean Martinez, and Calexico. Currently the lineup is Howe Gelb, John Convertino and Joey Burns. I sat down for a long rambling conversation with Howe at soundcheck before their gig at the Starfish Room on April 24 to talk of many things: recording, losing your best friend and whether or not Captain Beefheart is still hiding out in the Arizona desert watching NBA. Howe claims the Captain lives in Monterey, California, but all the rest is true.

DISORDER: How do you like performing solo versus performing with a band?

Howe Gelb: It's good for a bunch of different reasons, but mostly for writing. I used to live out in the middle of nowhere, and I was alone all the time, and now I've got a family going on and the interruptions come about every 12 minutes. When you're as much of a scatter-brain as I am it doesn't help the output. So on the road alone you got way too much time to think. And that's good, sometimes... sometimes it turns into madness, but mostly it's productive.

Do you do some of that thinking on stage too?

[Laughs] Oh yeah, yeah. That's kind of a lottery, it depends what's up.

Tell me about your last solo album, *Hisser*. Well, that was a moment when things got fucked up with the inner circle. My best friend was dying—that took two years—and at the very same time there was just a lot of weird shit with family members, and I wasn't married then either, and everything was in a state of chaos. And John [Convertino] and Joe [Burns] started picking up momentum with Calexico, so for the first time they weren't around; they weren't as conveniently

located. 'Cause the thing about Giant Sand was it was growing more and more dependent on spontaneity, where we'd go into the studio and do stuff and mix stuff up, and it wasn't possible if they weren't there, obviously. *Hisser* was the result of my meander in the living room.

And some of the material on *Chore of Enchantment* was on *Hisser* first; like "Temptation of Egg," which on *Hisser* is a scratchy little tune that turned into the "hit" on *Chore*.

Plus for me, when I was doing *Hisser* for that year—you wake up in the middle of night and just play stuff into your walkman or whatever you can have set up... and then you forget about it, I mean totally forget about it. Then at the end of the year you have tapes all over the place and some of them have these little nuggets on them that you'll never hear again. So "Temptation of Egg" was like... right when I put *Hisser* together I found a tape and played it and heard that exact track and thought, "Awww, that sounds like some old blues 78 record... all hissy and scratchy." Just to teach myself a lesson I made that the lead-off track.

So when Giant Sand records, you all pile into a studio, turn on the equipment and just go for it, or do you rely on those mid-night walkman recordings for raw material?

You don't wanna deny things that write themselves in between times of recording, but you don't want to worry about them either. You don't want to be overly prepared. If you're not a very organized person, then if you're going into the studio it's no time to try and be one, I'll just stress you out. Just remember to forget everything 'cause it's already in you somewhere.

With *Chore*, by the second session it was starting to happen. "Dirty from the Rain" and "No Reply," they just didn't exist until a moment before they were recorded. It's also really funny to do that, to see who won't fuck it up. But I've noticed a bit of a



side effect from that. I don't know what we're going to do tonight, and this method really disallows me to rely on or have the satisfaction of knowing what we're going to do tonight. Sometimes it concerns me a little bit. [At this point the band is warming up in the background with a demented Santana cover.] Sometimes I think I should just leave, go away, 'cause we're not really playing, are we? But if we approach that point of discovery ourselves every night—or try to—then we get jazzed by it and that disperses itself in the evening's worth of entertainment.

One of the best things about Giant Sand is that you can hear the four-track hissing among other sounds in the room.

Yeah, I like it too. Air in the room is my favourite

sound. But we get tempted. Like for this album they wanted us to come up with a radio song. That's why "they" allowed us to keep recording and working on it some more, because they hadn't heard the radio song yet.

They just wanted a song with a beginning and an end and a middle, and maybe a chorus that gets repeated more than once? And I thought, "I could do that." Shit, I'd love to know I could do that at this point. [Sighs] But no...

One thing I like about Giant Sand is the feeling that you're part of a strong community of musicians in the southwest. How did you hook up with Victoria Williams, for instance?

I met her through a friend who was in love with her... And then years later... I was living in the desert, out in Joshua Tree—I was going in to a friend's gig to sing a song, and I was helping "Pappy," this ole fella that I grew to love. I was helping him with some plumbing, and I just said, "Pappy, you wanna go down to Hollywood and sing a song with me tonight?" And we jumped into my old Barracuda, I taught him the club in LA one of the first people we ran into backstage was Victoria. She had broken up with Peter Case, and she was just all friendly and funny, and we were talking and yammerin'. A few weeks later she started coming out [to Joshua Tree]. And then we started hanging out, actually, and we started getting close. When there's a woman and you like her voice, you're attracted to her, you don't know what to make out of it—so at first we're just kinda circling each other, like "there's something there that seems like a big comfort zone." And we'd both just separated or divorced from our married ones, and they were both musicians, and I thought "I don't wanna date musicians, not for a while! Anything else!"

It was a mutual thing, it was like "ahh, let's just play!" It's better than anything anyway. Lasts longer. Lasts forever! And she ended up moving up to Joshua Tree after we left, even took over my old PO box. And her and John ended up going out for a bit after that, kinda funny.

Do you listen to the radio much?

I listen to PBS stations mostly. It sounds like a goofy-ass gimmick, and it drives these guys crazy, but I like it when you get two or three radio stations on the AM dial, all the way to the left where they come in and start blending with each other. Immediately if you leave it on the mind tries to facilitate them all, and I really enjoy that. *





copyright Jill Thompson 2000

I am a big nerd. People who know me already know this. I'd like to be able to hide this fact from strangers, especially cool ones like Jill Thompson. Calling her made me more nervous than I've been with just about any rock star. Jill is the author and artist responsible for one of the most fun comic books out there these days, *Scary Godmother*. So far, she's done three full-colour, hard-cover SG books, two holiday-themed black-and-white comics, and, most recently, a three-part series called *Wild About Harry*. Thompson's art—which has appeared in *Sandman* comics, among others—is amazing. Now, with SG, she does all the writing as well. If you want to see some great artwork attached to fun storylines about ghosts, vampires, ghouls, and little girls, you'd be well-advised to check out Thompson's

work.
[conducts on Easter Monday]
DISCORD! How come you're working on a holiday?
Jill Thompson: Oh, I don't know holidays.

You just keep working, seven days a week?
Six days a week. It's all about the deadlines, unfortunately. When I lived away from the Chicago area, I'd come back from holidays and my friends would laugh at me. They'd say, "We never see you without a laptop."

What kind of deadlines do you have these days? If you're working on your own books, does that give you any more freedom?

Less freedom. I control more, so I have more jobs that I have to do. Right now I'm painting a *Scary Godmother* book, which will come out in October, but it has to be ready by July for it to be put into production... and seeing as how I do everything except type-setting it, there's just a lot of stuff that I have to get done. I'm also working on the *Glynn* comic for Chaos, so I'm doing two jobs at once. I'm painting in the day and I'm pencilling at night.

When you are given something to work on, do they give you a storyline, or a panel-by-panel breakdown with the writer's ideas?

Both. A writer can either work from a plot that tells you how many pages there are, what happens on each page, but then he allows you to break down the action. Usually, after that, he will come back into and do dialogue from what you have drawn. More often than not, I work with someone who writes a full script, so it tells me not only how many pages there are, but what goes on on each page, who's speaking, and what they're saying, so that I can figure out how much space it will take up in the panel.

How difficult is it to work with a writer?

Usually it's not difficult at all. I've been lucky; I've worked with writers who were very easy to work with. Either they're really happy, or really hands-off, depending on how you like it. Neil Gaiman was really easy to work with. Grant Morrison was really hands-off. He would do his job, and there was no further need for him to interact. That was fun sometimes, but sometimes I would've needed to talk to him more... but that's what editors are for.

[I blab on about the new *Jhonen Vasquez* book I got, and how it's all about deadlines, and contractual obligations. I ask Jill about her own deadline troubles.]

You don't get stuck in that kind of stuff, do you?

Not anymore. That stuff all kinda came when I worked for DC Comics. All that "oh my gosh, the writer's late" or, you know, things would happen where books would be late, and they would be thrown in whoever was next in line on the assembly line's lap. That was usually the penciller, who then passes it on to the inker. I have had to work under some pretty horrific conditions, like [employers saying] "do this book in two weeks," me saying "I can't do this in two weeks," and then saying, "well, we'll find someone who can." That does happen. I've not seen how often it happens now, but it has happened in the past.

How long were you doing art work before you took on *Scary*

Godmother?

I've been working in comics professionally since I was about 15 or 16. And I say professionally because somebody paid me to do comics. It wasn't very good work, but I was paid. I started *Scary Godmother* in 1997, and I'd been working for DC Comics for seven years before that. I had been fulltime freelancing.

Who was your first published work?

My first published work was in an anthology comic called *Just Imagine Comics and Stories*, published by a company here in Illinois called *Just Imagine Comics*. I used to work for them at conventions. It would help man the table. Really what it meant was that they let me come with and then hang out in the artists' section to see all the guys who drew comics. There came a time when they were putting something out and they needed four more pages, so at one of these little conventions, they had a character called Bananaman—that was confused with the Nickelodeon Bananaman, this was much earlier—a superhero parody. It was a bunch of puns and gags put together into a short story. I drew it at a convention, and then went around to a bunch of different artists and asked if they would each ink a panel. They all took pity on this poor little girl who had drawn this comic, and everybody inked a panel. That was the first work that I did.

Speaking of comic conventions—you just went on a cruise?

Yes, a big comic book convention on. That's kind of scary!

It scares you? I always thought that comic book fans could get a little weird, and it would be scary to be stuck on a boat with them. No, they weren't weird. They were really nice people. Sometimes I was afraid about that, too. I had a lot of friends saying, "It's going to be horrible! You're going to be trapped on this boat!" I just figured that a boat is like a giant hotel. I go away to conventions for weekends or weeks, and I usually stay at the convention the entire time. The only difference was that there was going to be water around me. In my many years in

taken away from them: Most guys are pretty responsible about anything that might be on "Rated" thing, the retailers I know keep it up and away from anything that younger children can get to it. Little kids don't have to gain access to it.

With *Scary Godmother*, you're aiming at a full range of ages.

Have you had any experiences with young kids getting into that, and then moving on to the others that you've drawn that are more adult?

There are a lot of reasons why I started *Scary Godmother*, but one of them was because everything I've ever done up until this point, I really don't feel comfortable showing anybody else. A retailer wrote in that he sold a copy of *Scary Godmother* to a four-year-old boy, who was bothering his mom to buy it, because he liked skeletons. It made me feel really good. That was the first comic that he ever really wanted. Maybe he'll read my comics and really love 'em, [eventually] working his way up to all the other genres and types of comics that there are. I just wanted to make available to little kids stuff that I felt had brought me into comics myself. It seems like a nice alternative to *Archie* or whatever else there is.

Archie got boring, man! They totally CD'd him up!

I still pick up *Archie* every once in a while, to see what's going on, because I was one of the ones that had a hard time with it. I was growing up. That's what helped me move on to Marvel Comics, and DC Comics, and Fantagraphics and all the different types. Everything that was considered a joke in those comics is now considered serious. I always thought it was weird, because I knew it wasn't good to make fun of people who weren't as smart as you, or people who weren't as attractive as you, but whatever. That was the whole joke, and I was like, "Well, maybe that's [Now] they gave everybody a reason. Moose is dyslexic. He wasn't stupid. Dillon, the nerdy guy, they gave him a friend in a wheelchair. Not that these people shouldn't be included, but to throw them in there willy-nilly makes it

saying, "I must create a comic that the children can read." Well, no, I guess I am. I'm not dumbing it down.

I didn't even know about your new series, *Wild About Harry*, until I stumbled upon issue two. Issue one had already come and gone...

Really. Oh, yes, I completed that a while ago. Issue three is the exciting conclusion to the story of Harry the Viewtiful, who gets kicked out of his mom's basement and ends up wrecking havoc all over the Frigid Side. He's quite the mooch, quite the selfish little bugger, but he's still lovable. I make him do horrible things to just about everyone. I really like him, because he's the funnest to write.

He's the comic book collector of the bunch!

Yes he is. He's an amalgamation of a lot of things. He's like Felix Unger and Oscar Madison mixed together. The sloppy Oscar, and the really nifty Felix, because he has to have everything just to his way. He's a lot of Ignatius Riley from *A Confederacy of Dunces*, and he's several really hard-core science fiction fans that I have met through out the years. He's the hard-core comics collector that everybody knows from *The Simpsons*, but that he knows from real life. He's also my way of indulging all the weird stuff that I like.

Okay, I need to do a bit of a music tie-in, seeing as how this is going into a music magazine.

What were you listening to in *Moby* earlier, what else do you listen to?

Oh gosh... what's the name of the band that I've been listening to a lot of these days? The name of the CD is 69 Love Songs.

Magnetic Fields.

Yeah, that's it. I share a studio with other artists, so a lot of the stuff I listen to is their stuff. I like the Reverend Horton Heat, I was listening to some Michael Nesmith the other day... the old stuff. I like old country. I like to listen to jazz, and I like a lot of the music released on this small independent label called Okkadisc. They do a lot of jazz stuff and experimental things.

Are you familiar at all with 'The

Jill Thompson by Julie C.

comics I've only run into a couple of people who've made me scared. They were fairly unusual.

What was the cause behind the misadventure?

The Comic Book Legal Defense Fund. It's an organization which helps people in comics get legal aid because most of us don't make enough money to hire lawyers. It's usually used to help defend First Amendment rights. I know that Canadians have quite an obscenity law, and a lot of comic book creators do sometimes can't get back over the border. Every once in a while, a shop owner here in the US is carrying something which somebody deems unsuitable for children because they think all comics are for children, or a parent will buy something and say "look what was available to my child!" The Legal Defense Fund helps by providing lawyers so that people's shops aren't

you can't use any of their foibles as story plots any more, because that's like making fun of them. I just want there to be a comic that's fun, that's goofy, where some people are funny and some people are not so funny in it. That's why I'm doing *Scary Godmother*.

I've only seen a few comics aimed at kids these days, and most of them just aren't very good.

They're very precious. The story lines are a little more serious. Something with a bit more to it might be better. I'm a big fan of short stories. I used to love little eight-page *Archie* stories. Hopefully I'll make [although I still gotta think of some] some short little *Scary Godmother* stories, some little stories that don't take 22 pages to tell. First and foremost, I'm trying to make a comic that I like, and then, if everybody else likes it, that's good. It's not like I'm going out and

Chicago Scene," as it appears to the rest of the world? Chicago has become every indie and post-rock's dream city. Are you familiar with labels like Thrill Jockey?

My deadline keeps me from going out as much as I used to. When we can, we like to go out to see new bands, but I'm nowhere near as up on stuff as I used to be. My studio used to be right down in the middle of it all, by Wicker Park, but then got too pricey. There's a lot of music stuff going on down there. I used to be right down in it. Now I'm further north, and it takes planning to go out.

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JUNIOR VARSITY

By Mar Sellers

DISCORD: How did you form Junior Varsity?

Matt: I always answer this one—Kim, go!

Kim: I met Matt at college. One summer my sister came to visit and taught me bass. Then we just started.

Matt: I always wanted to play drums, so a friend of mine let me borrow a crap drum set and Kim and I began to write these goofy stupid little songs. We played once in a kitchen, the two of us, and we got a good response so we got a guitar player... then we had a couple guitar players before we finally found someone who could tolerate us for long enough to play a show, record, etc.

You guys have gone through a few guitar players on record as well?

Matt: Right. That was Sean. We met him at a show where he was dancing like a wild man. So we started talking to him and I asked him if he played guitar and he said sort of. So we said, "PERFECT! Do you want to be in our band?" And he said, "I guess."

How did you find Rebecca?

Matt: Well, Rebecca played in a local band called the Jewers. And we played shows with them, so when Sean left she was the automatic choice.

Who do you appeal to?

Matt: Emma.
Kim: She's our youngest fan. She's three.

Matt: We're making a tradition of playing this elementary school every year of their "Good Conduct Carnival." It's either really young kids or...

Kim: Nerdy pop kids.

Matt: We really can't figure out that grade 6 to college age gap. They're way too cool for us.

Do you ever get flack because of your bubble gum highschool image?

Matt: Not to our face.

What's with all the 7's and comps? How come you guys have never put out an album before this one (Bam Bam Bam, Peek-A-Boo)?

Kim: We like to keep it in small doses.

Explain the Junior Varsity-Vancouver connection.

Matt: It's the Beesley-Hammond nightmare.

Kim: It's just 'cuz my sister lives there and was gracious enough to have us play and have her friends record us.

Matt: Kim is a BC girl anyway by birth.

Where were you born?

Kim: New Denver in the Kootenays. It's close to Nelson.

So what's your favourite Vancouver band?

Matt: Are you trying to get us in trouble?

Kim: I hope my family doesn't get too upset, but I'm going to have to say Zumpango.

Matt: I'm going to have to say Loverboy.

Are you serious?

Matt: No, I'm not serious. I think I'd have to say it's a close one between The Evaporators and The Smugglers. It's a tie. See, if you said who was my favourite band in the area I'd have to say Bum—they are one of my all time favourite bands. But it doesn't count.

Would you guys ever leave Texas?

Kim: I think I'm a little more likely to leave, but Matt was born here and he seems pretty happy.

Matt: Yeah, I love Texas.

Has it ever snowed where you live?

Kim: It freezes occasionally.

Matt: It snowed in 1990, like 10 years ago. Yeah, not too often, but when it does the entire city shuts down. The snow isn't even sticking on the ground and it's like, [in a Texas accent] "Cancel school! I can't drive."

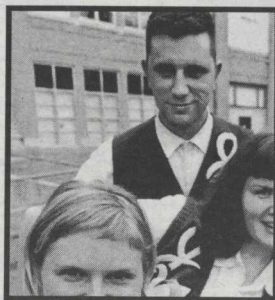
You guys are going to Japan. Is this your first trip?

Matt: It's Kim's first trip.

Well, I meant as a band. How did that all happen? Are your records released over there?

Matt: We're told we have a little bit of a following there. I don't know... we'll see. We've had a 7" released on a Japanese label. We're on a compilation there and I've been there with a couple different bands like the 1.4.5s and when I was in the Wontons.

You're in the Wontons?



Matt: I was. I'm not anymore. I'm on the record.

The "Extra Spicy" 7"

Matt: I'm extra spicy! The Wontons toured Japan. So we've done a lot of networking, having connections. I've met lots of really nice people who are helping us out. **Kim:** We also kind of returned the favour with Panther

from Japan. They came here.

Matt: And I released a record by them.

Are you guys going to come to Canada anytime soon? More importantly, Vancouver?

Matt: I think we have to.

Kim: I'd love to... it's just I don't have any vacation because I started a real job last summer. I get 2 weeks a year.

So you do have day jobs. What are your day jobs?

Matt: Believe it or not, Junior Varsity is not paying the bills. That reminds me, Kim, I think we need to talk to Travis at Peek-A-Boo about that. We need raises.

Kim: Yeah.

What's your day job?

Kim: I'm a civil engineer.

Matt: Rebecca's a receptionist at a hair salon and I'm a registered nurse. It's really hard to pull off that whole teen thing when you're a registered nurse. Yeah! I'm a teen rocker! I'm an old man!

Yeah, you guys have been getting older over the years and it must be getting harder and harder to pretend you're in high school.

Matt: It was really hard for the album, only for me, because Rebecca's only 20 and Kim looks younger than she actually is... but for me we had to pick special pictures where I didn't look so old. I probably shouldn't be saying this in an interview, but I'm not as young as I once looked.

Yeah, I've got the album and sorry to say but you guys don't look like you're in high school.

Kim: Hey, I still get carded.

Yeah, it's 21 though. Don't they just card everyone?

Matt: Not me. Actually I have a funny "getting carded" story. A waitress that looked much older than me when she looked at my age she was like, [in an old hog voice] "Oh my god! You're older than me!" She looked really bad.

Kim: I hope she doesn't read this.

Matt: I hope she can read!

Kim: We'll do a 90210 and go from highschool to college and then our next album will be post-college—real world.

Matt: Well, I consider myself the Ralph Macchio of rock 'n' roll. I can be 38 and still trying to play in some teenage band. I'm in another band called The Raspberry Shakes with Rebecca and a 16-year-old boy.

Kim: He's like the daddy.

Matt: Yeah, I'm Uncle Matt.

What would you do if you had four million dollars?

Kim: Four million, huh? Well first, I'd quit my job, and second, I'd travel as long as I could without working—everywhere. And then if I was getting close to running out of money I'd buy a small village in Spain and live there for the rest of my life.

Matt: With four million I would buy Rebecca as many guitars as she wanted and make her get her driver's license and buy her a hair salon. And then I would rent out the Astrodome and invite all my favourite bands and play a big show. I'd make Bum get back together and the Evaporators—they really couldn't fill up the Astrodome, but it'd be fun. So, I'm up to about a hundred thousand dollars there. I'd buy a lot of old cars—I'd fix up my old car. That would be about three million. I have a '60s Rambler.

What else is next for Junior Varsity?

Matt: We're doing a split with The Kung Fu Monkeys from New York. We've got a new song on a Peek-A-Boo compilation. Other than that we're saving up vacation time to go to Canada. We want to tour across Canada with Mao.

What's your advice for the kids?

Kim: Matt, you get to use your guitar!

Matt: Don't be a fool, stay in school!

Kim: I wish I had a zinger, but I don't. My advice for the kids is be a teenage bothead for life! Whatever that means. *

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FRIDAY JUNE 2 (4PM)

LEAD PIPE CINC
THE NEW TOWN ANIMALS
CC DART RAY & THE SPOILERS

THURSDAY JUNE 3 (4PM)

DEAD MODEL SHOOT
BUNDLES/4 GUESTS

THURSDAY JUNE 6 (4PM)

MEASOR REC ARTISTS
SOLEX
VANCOUVER KNIGHTS
THE RADIO

WEDNESDAY JUNE 8 (4PM)

THE FELCHERS
THE BLACKOUTS / KING

THURSDAY JUNE 8 (4PM)

FOLLOWING HOUSE
CUMM NECKTIES / BREAK

FRIDAY JUNE 9 (4PM)

DSK
SUN LIFE STAR
DEPAULT

THURSDAY JUNE 10

NEWAVE-A-OK!
TRAUDDER ACCORDION

THURSDAY JUNE 12 (4PM)

OF FLOREANIAN ROMANCES
PLUS GUESTS

THURSDAY JUNE 19 (4PM)

UZ JSM DOMA
LOUJI / JACK ASSASSIN

FRIDAY JUNE 18 (4PM)

NEW PORNOCRAPHERS
THINCY / OPTIONALLY YOURS

SATURDAY JUNE 17 (4PM)

JPS
STAGHUMMER
LE TABERNAC / THE COMMIES

THURSDAY JUNE 18 (4PM)

VICTORY CITY
THE SPINOFFS
BITCHIN COMPUK MASSACRE

THURSDAY JUNE 21 (4PM)

THE FORTY FIVES
DISTORTION FELIX
RHUME

THURSDAY JUNE 22 (4PM)

SOLARBABY
CINDERPOPP / ANI KVO
A LUNA RED

THURSDAY JUNE 24 (4PM)

HIP HOP SHOWCASE
MOKA ONLY / TELEPATHICS
OCCIDENTAL CREW
DIRTY CIRCUS / MYFRIOS

THURSDAY JUNE 25 (4PM)

HONEYVUE/BERGANTINA
PLUS GUESTS

THURSDAY JUNE 27 (4PM)

ALL SYSTEMS GO
MR. & MRS. EVIL
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Coming in July...

New Bomb Turks (07/04)
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HEAVY METAL Sundays

NEW MUSIC Mondays

FIRST Tuesdays

5:45 Wednesdays



Editor of *Broken Pencil* and all-around indie jet-setter, Hal Niedzviecki rode into town on April 27th in support of his new book *We Want Some Too: Underground Desire and the Reinvention of Mass Culture* (McClelland & Stewart). I met Hal at the Wise Hall where he and other up-and-coming hipster writers were reading from their materials thanks to organizer Brad Carr of Smoking Lung Press. For you kids not in-the-know yet, Hal Niedzviecki is the recipient of the 1999 Alexander Ross Award for Best New Magazine Writer from the National Magazine Awards Foundation. Hal's previous books have been *Lurvy*, the farmhand's side of that whole Charlotte's Web fiasco, and an anthology of Canadian urban authors called *Concrete Forest*. Hal also is a correspondent of CBC 2's late-night program *Brave New*

DISORDER. Okay, tell us about the book. **Hal Niedzviecki:** Well, *We Want Some Too* is a book about underground culture and pop culture and the space where they intersect. It's how pop killed the underground and colonized our minds. That's the short, snappy phrase I've been using. There's a lot of discussion about the way that pop culture has become a seminal part of our lives and some of the problems that it causes. One of the things that it does is eventually compresses the space for underground culture until it doesn't exist. I think that's the point we are in right now where there's not really a valid underground culture, it's all basically part of this pop universe.

What is pop culture? **Hal:** What is pop culture? That's a pretty good question. I think that everyone has their own definition of it.

Yeah, that's what I think. When you look at the content of your average zine or the content of your average cable access show or website, I don't think that you're finding "radical" content. You're not finding a lot of "smash the state!" or anarchy or anything like that. You're usually finding people who basically just want to find a voice in pop culture in the way they feel they should be allowed to.

Somehow it's become almost criminal.

Exactly. People are very suspect. We've really narrowed the parameters where only certain kinds of anointed sources can anoint people to become pop culture participants and everyone else is a passive observer and we have this swelling of people who are saying "no, I want to be that," you know, "I want some too." That's where I think you're getting this methodology where the mainstream is saying "Oh that's underground, that's weird" when it's not really, it's usually pretty understandable stuff. It's just simply not locus-grouped and marketed to death.

The subtitle of your book is "Reinventing Mass Culture." What does that mean?

It's what we've been talking about. The core of the book is looking at how people are trying to subvert these narrow parameters. They're not underground. They're not pop culture. So they're really trying to reinvent this terminology in a way that allows communities to hear their own voices reflected. Now we have a situation where millions are all watching the same thing...

And it's becoming more American.

Yeah, exactly. And it keeps getting narrower and narrower until there will be one TV station, one celebrity [chuckle]...

And owned by one company.

One product and that's that. I think we're seeing a reaction to that. Not to deny that pop culture is important. Not to say "well, we're not going to listen to pop music anymore" or "we're not gonna watch TV" but to say "yes, this stuff is important, I mean it's taken up a lot of our energy and time and history and what we want in return is what it's always promised us. We want to be superstars... individuals. We want to be our own celebrities." **So are zines dead? That's the question in the last issue of Broken Pencil.**

When was that?

Well I got a little more serious in late high school, started writing stories and stuff and then in university I wrote for the campus newspapers. I was writing fiction and started sending it out to little magazines and getting the occasional acceptance. I never really laid down the career path, you know, but gradually it just occurred to me that it was the thing that I loved to do and it was the only thing that I was really good at [snicker] so I'd better do it. **So what is your opinion of the BC underground culture as far as music, zines, film and other art?**

It's hard to say, I mean I think the same issues are applicable all across Canada. I think the scene in Vancouver [I mean I don't know much about the rest of the province], but I think it's healthy. You have things like Smoking Lung [Press], Arsenal [Press] and Anvil. There's been some great stuff coming out of that scene like Michael Turner's (*Hard Core*) logo work and people who have managed to move on to the next tier. You've got The Blinding Light, I get their e-mails all the time, and it looks like they're doing some great stuff. I think there are some really energetic people, maybe even more so than Toronto in terms of some of the stuff that's happening. I think it's a healthy scene but I wonder from time to time if it's healthy.

What projects do you have coming up in the future? Do you know yet?

I'm working on a novel and a collection of short stories that I have been working on for a couple years and are coming toward completion. I'm going to keep working on *Broken Pencil* and there are a lot of ideas that I want to follow up on that came out of writing *We Want Some Too*, that will probably be another book of essays and cultural criticisms, one of these days.

What makes a great zine?

Well, I think a great zine has a certain vibrancy. It's unconventional but not deliberately so. It is simply reflecting the mind pattern of the individual or individuals that create it. A great zine is...

It should be like eavesdropping in some sick sex scene.

Yeah, exactly. You're peeling back someone's skull and just seeing what's going around and... you don't think about it too much and don't think about it too little either. It's just great stuff that explodes on the page. You hit a great zine and it's like writing you don't find anything else.

What's your favorite cartoon?

You mean like TV?

Yeah.

Um... I don't know. I like *South Park*. I like *The Simpsons* too.

Any guilty pleasures?

Uh... masturbation?

You feel guilty about that?

Sometimes, you know, if it takes too long.

I saw you on TV with that Richter kid.

Yeah, yeah. They cancelled his show.

They did?

Well, that was the good show on Newsweek.

How often were you on there?

I was on there two or three times. I did a couple of things for them. It was fun. They were very good. They had good bits on that show but they cancelled it. The show actually appealed to young people and actually had a point of view that was contrary to the positive marketing environment that the CBC is fostering, so no more of THAT!

What's the best thing about being Canadian?

I like hockey. I've got this little hockey rink near my house where I can go. You know, in America it would be a crack den or something!

I'm American, by the way! But I do agree, yes.

My brother.

Have you ever defaulted on a loan?

No, ever gave me a loan.

Never tasted cat food?

No. No I haven't.

Are you sure?

My brother did.

Your brother did? What did he say?

I don't really remember. It was the hard kind, the kibble-kind of stuff. We were like four or something. He didn't comment. *

An Evening with Hal Niedzviecki, Canadian zine god and media critic.

by Bleek (Cougar Mellencamp) Swinney

Waves and writes about zines and other cultural defects for *The National Post*. Hal interviewed yours truly over the phone over a year ago now. He asked me about pirate broadcasting in little of Merritt, BC, where I just came from. Hal was jovial. Perhaps a bit too jovial as he asked me questions and chuckled easily at my self-conscious answers. It occurred to me that Hal might have been sampling some green, controlled substance but that's just between you and me, okay? Now it was my turn to ask the questions, and boy did I make them silly.

Keep in mind this quote from Malcolm McLaren: "By the dawn of the seventies, the philosophy was that you couldn't do anything without a lot of money. So my philosophy was back to 'Fuck you, we don't care if we can't play and don't have very good instruments, we're still doing it because we think you're all a bunch of cunts.' I think that's what really created the anger—the anger was simply about money, that the culture had become corporate, that we no longer owned it and everybody was desperate to fucking get it back. This was a generation trying to do that." (From *Please Kill Me*, the Uncensored Oral History of Punk by Legs McNeil & Gillian McCain)

Everyone comes at it with their own ideas, and part of the problem is that people don't know. Is a painting of McDonald's fast food workers in poses of glory pop culture? Some people would say "yes, it's just ephemeral pop culture." Other people would say "no, it's high art." I think those distinctions are being broken down every day and that's one of the things I address in the book: these difficulties we're having saying "no, that's unimportant pop culture" and "that's important high art" that we have to think about.

What is underground culture?

Well, one of the big things in the book that I argue is that there is no longer an underground culture. I think that what we are seeing now in pop culture is people who want to have a voice in that intangible world of pop culture and are finding that they're not able to so they're turning to other mediums—pirate radio, zines, independent publishing, all kinds of different ways of giving themselves a voice, the voice that pop culture always promises but doesn't really deliver. It becomes what we think of as underground culture, when really it's simply people who would rather be in the mainstream of pop art aren't finding ways to do that.

So it's not so "far there," it's just that the avenues have become so narrow these days.



I really didn't know what to expect from these guys when we wandered backstage to interview them. *GIRF's* crew for this mission consisted of myself, Firstfloor Radio's Goulash, and Plutonia's naked phone boy (Tanner Uskok). When I introduced myself as "Rich" to Jan he introduced himself as "poor." Tone set. Turns out they're as laid-back, quirky and original as their music. *Revelation*.

We all squeezed into the small room at the back of Richard's on Richards with Jan St. Werner (Dusseldorf), Andy Tomo (Cologne) and Dodo (London). After investigating the coffee pot it turned out there was none to be had. Goulash, however, was caffeinated enough for the both of us. This was good. The excellent sounds of Seattle's ICU boomed

in the background. We were hallyelling. I had brought along one of my trusty toy synthesizers for them to play with. Jan continued to play it while Andy answered most of our questions. Naked phone boy kept his clothes on and snapped away with his 35mm. We got to talking about this tour and how it differed from the previous one accompanying Stereolab two years ago. We had yet to see how they were working on stage this time around.

Andy: Last time was as a duo and this time we play with Dodo. It's a different setup. It's us as a band, and we play differently together. Bass, guitar, drums—it's rock.

DISORDER: Listening to the latest *Mouse on Mars* release, *Niun Niggung*, someone might be led to believe that the use of live instrumentation is more present than in previous albums, and this appears to be the case.

Andy: There's also more processing as well. Sounds quite acoustic, but in the end, the work itself was quite processed, digital.

In the past few years it seems that more and more artists are releasing work that tries to break down the sometimes not-so-obvious division between "electronic" and "acoustic" music forms with mixed results. In many cases the two worlds don't seem like one; on recordings like these, the fusion doesn't really happen, and the division is still there—maybe because the interface to the different worlds is so different. *Mouse on Mars*, however, seems to have mastered this fusion.

Andy: Well, we don't really think about this fusion. I think we think in sound fragments, its parts and elements and fragments. The source, whatever it is when it has been recorded, we see as a digital form, and there's a difference between live-played music, which you hear and then it's gone, and recorded music, whether it's recorded on tape, or hard disk, or whatever medium, it very much reflects the medium it's recorded with, and so we don't have to think about that. It's a proposition that we don't need because it doesn't take us anywhere. If you would divide it into "this is an acoustic sound, and this is an electronic, this is digital, this is analog," in the end it's all on CD and it's melted anyway, 44,100Hz.

[Andy talks about friend Marcus Pop of Oval.]

Andy: He doesn't talk about the music itself because it's something that comes together, it's your perception that makes it worth being listenable or giving it musical content. It's just something he doesn't think about, something he would never explain. There's no point in talking about the musical aspect of what he's doing. He wants to talk about the definitions of what he's doing and about the circumstances and the setup that you use to do something, and so music is much more like a model, a system, a language.

And where does Microstoria, a project between Jan and Marcus, fit in with that?

Andy: I think Microstoria takes this kind of basic idea of thinking about the possibilities of what you use and taking them to a certain extent or expanding them or taking them to a certain extreme. Whereas Oval is in a way very much displaying the actual method of making it, Microstoria in a way goes either back

or further, or however you want to look at it, to a musical domain again, where it's displaying all these techniques or all these predefinitions, circumstances, and then again making them become something musical. Like adding another level, but not starting from making music with different tools or something. Totally forgetting about music. It's like Marcus says: It's like non-music music, and I think Microstoria is like...

[struggle for translation]

Dodo: Becomes music again.

Andy: Yeah.

Is this way of thinking or working taken into *Mouse on Mars*?

Andy: Yeah, definitely. *Mouse on Mars* maybe more obviously chops up things. It's a very non-exclusive concept. It's like whatever is touchable or usable is in a way getting involved or gets sucked into this situation you're in.

We got onto the subject of digital distribution. *Mouse on Mars* has made available an MP3 of "Distraita" not available anywhere else. Process simple: e-mail them, and they send you the MP3.

Andy: It's something we offer, like an extra idea.

So what about CDs? What is the future of music distribution? When you can download entire *Mouse on Mars* albums for free from random ftp sites, is the CD a thing of the past? Do you think that's a good thing?

Andy: The aesthetic side is quite nice. Already the change from vinyl to CD is something that people were talking about. I don't care really, the music is most important, the only problem is maybe...

The revenue stream?

Jan: Actually we want to put more MP3 files out that we just give away.

And vinyl?

Andy: CD will finish but vinyl still will be around. In a way, record companies, they vanish, and [there will be] a different type of organization that makes you get benefit [royalties] from what's been downloaded. The capitalist system we live in is like... it's so massive. I don't really bother about it, I'm not at all frightened about the MP3.

Jan: Actually we want to put more MP3 files out that we just give away.

Andy: It's like an extra.

And their approach to composition? In the moment. Maybe the secret to being years ahead is to not think about what's coming next.

Andy: We don't know what's next, but there's something next and as soon as we see something coming, there will be something. We don't know what it will be like.

I was curious to know whether or not your work with Stereolab on the *Catche Coeur Naif* EP a couple of years back, and the following tour, prompted you to work with more live instrumentation.

Andy: Actually, we've always been at that point. As we said, it's not important for us, it's more like a challenge to expand further. We've played in this combination since 1994, so it's not that we haven't used instruments, we've done that from the very beginning. It's more in the way we use the studio, and what we do in the studio.

The result being [in this boy's opinion] a beautiful marriage of sounds, electronic and acoustic, unaware of each others' differences [if there were any to begin with], with a natural flow not experienced too often in "electronic" music.

Andy: We don't understand why people think electronic music has to be rigid.

Maybe it's because people see sci-fi film robots talking in static form, and so that's in the psyche.

Jan: I'm sure it's Hollywood, Walt Disney.

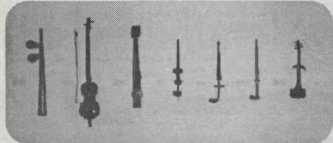
Walt, baby. *

Full photo shoot by naked phone boy available online at <http://plutonia.org/mom>

mouse on mars

by haitch e plutonia with goulash
photos by naked phone boy

Everyone with passes is allowed next door for Interplay. Meet up



Art Pratten's collection of homemade "prattivarius" violins

with Ben Partis in the flesh, after seven months of e-mail tag. Thank him profusely for this wonderful event. He invites Mo and I to the No Banquet, a brunch before the exhibition tomorrow. Artists and press only. We are more than honoured to accept.

Oh yey! Interplay! Picture a "Stage" (a platform five inches from the ground) in a small dark room filled with about a hundred people, almost half of whom are the performers themselves. Then picture being able to call individuals from the roster of all of the festival's performers to play jams in infinite eccentric combinations. Spasm Band vs. Eric Stach. Rinaldo vs. John Boyle. Black Auks vs. Spasm Band. The intermixing went on until the whole noisy structure threatened to topple over but didn't. Everyone was so focused in making each jam work that it was a pleasure to witness. This continued for hours into the night, numbers dwindling gradually until I believe the number of performers present far outnumbered the audience. Exhausted as we were, we couldn't bring ourselves to leave until the last note had finished. Home by 4:00, tried to unwind with cable TV, but only *Altered States* was on, so sleep was pretty sparse. (Try relaxing to that movie and you'll see what I mean.)

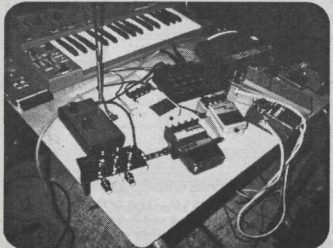
SATURDAY, APRIL 1

Woke up for the No Banquet at the London Regional Art and Historical Museum for 12:00. Chat with Jason Bellchamber, resident of London and producer of the No 99 box on his own record label. There is something somewhat absurd about eating mouse in a room in a museum full of bizarre experimental noise musicians, few of whom speak the same language. Hard to put your finger on exactly, but there's a surreal ting to the experience. We note hopily, however, that surreal does not detract from the enjoyment of good mouse.

Annoy the hell out of Lee for a two-minute interview. He's busy discussing digital track recording with Tim Glasgow, the soundman for the festival. Upstairs to the gallery for the grand opening of a 35-year retrospective on the music, art and spectacle of the Nihilist Spasm Band. The exhibit put into perspective how fucking important these seven artists are. A massive installment of the band's homemade instruments and artwork, videos of live performances, memorabilia and much more only got Mo and I even more excited that we would actually witness them in action that night. When I got to talk to Lee, everything I was going to say flies right out the window, so I talk to him about his stolen equipment and guitar tunings. Like he hasn't heard that before. Picture Chris Farley smacking his head, doing his "Stupid! Stupid! Stupid!" routine.

Back home to relax, watch the movie *Billy Madison* in French (surprisingly, it gains something in the translation), Aeolian Hall by 8:00 for Unclean Wiener.

If you haven't seen Unclean Wiener yet, please take advantage of the fact that these delightful weirdos live in this city and play quite often. Petra Erstenuk began the show by singing a beautiful aria, uninterrupted, on a dimly lit stage, until two men, yelling like they had just been released from the London Asylum, walked through the audience in clown costumes. Petra disciplined them in a nonsensical language until they went away, only to return in the same manner a few minutes later and be invited onstage to literally make as much bloody noise as possible. Films displaying bassist Shawn Bratton eating discarded condoms off the road and a gangster film that could eas-



Mne-mic's ear-piercing set up

NO MUSIC FESTIVAL 2000: THE NOTHING MACHINE SERIES



NSB's electric razzo (note earplugs)

ly have been directed by The Residents played on. Circular disco lights surrounded the stage as Galen Curnoe tried on a various assortment of hats while drumming furiously. The set ended with Shawn and Galen "dying," and Petra trying to bring them back... to no avail. Time Of Death: 21 hours 12 minutes. Ready for the enigma that is Mne-mic.

Mne-mic are a female duo from Tokyo, Japan. Ranko Onishi screams, Mayuko Hino doesn't. Ranko walked onstage with a fire-place bellows in one hand and a mic-ed bottle of water in the other. She opened the bellows and let it naturally let air out, creating a high pitched sigh that lasted about a minute or so. Each time it ran out, she lifted the arm again to perpetuate its "breathing." An accomplished Butch dancer, she danced with the bottle in hand. You could hear every aquatic sloosh and splash, kind of a "breathing underwater" if you will. Mayuko emerged and took command of her table, which contained a Roland SH 101 synth, theremin, and about 10 effects pedals. (Anyone out there heard of an "Xtortion" pedal?) She expertly wobbled and smashed at a sheet of metal wired to her effects, creating a thunderous cacophony. At times she even mounted her effects table, using her knees to hit pedals. What she managed to create on a decibel scale is indescribable. All I know is the instant she started playing I realized I had forgotten my earplugs at Mom's house, and immediately ran to go buy some in the lobby. Ranko walked and cried throughout the pandemonium, then sat in a chair and proceeded to rail her body repeatedly onto the ground. This is a noise pure and simple, with an emotion and meaning behind it I one day hope to understand. I require many, many cigarettes afterwards.

On to the stars of the festival (and of the previous two), the legendary Nihilist Spasm Band. Bassist Hugh McIntyre was regrettably absent, but lead man Bill Exley took charge with the wit and charisma he had been showing all weekend. After introducing the members of the band, he went into a new song entitled "Meat Easter." I did not climb to the top of the food chain to eat salad! he boomed in his deep oratorical voice. The band then broke into their racket like they've done since '65 (and hopefully continue to do) the only way they know how. John Boyle on kazoo and drums (his ain't your grandmother's kazoo), John Clement on guitar and drums, Murray Fawc on guitar, Art Pratten on water pipe and violins (handmade by nuth), and refers to them as "the prath-a-varius" and Bill Exley on vocals and cooking pot. It was a wonderful thing to witness these men, so obviously used to playing together, come up with these improvised methods of sound. It struck me only then that the Spasm Band are true nihilists in the sense of simply "just saying No" to mundane musical restraints such as structure, tone, or melody. After inviting a few guests on stage (including Paulina Wallenberg-Olsen doing a brilliant version of "No Canada," a Spasm Band classic), it was next door again for part two of Interplay.

Paul Dutton vs. Erstenuk (Unclean Wiener) vs. Guhl (Voice Crack), Pratten (NSB) vs. Guhl vs. Rosenberg (Black Auk), Mesling (Voice Crack) vs. Aube vs. Clement (NSB), Curnoe (Unclean Wiener) vs. Boyle (NSB) vs. Aube. Hino (Mne-mic) vs. Exley (NSB). And so on, into the night...

Wind up discussing Jodorowsky films with a local kid. Just sitting back and witnessing both spectator and performer realizing that something truly unique and special was happening, and like all free-form improvisational music, could not be recreated. A meeting of cultures and styles and generations; collaborative magic forged by mutual respect and (anti)musical solidarity. Mo and I say our good-byes to everybody and somehow feel like we're kids on the last day of summer camp, hugging people who were strange faces just a few days ago and promising to keep in touch. We're both secretly already planning our return trip for the next year's festival when the word that there will be no future festival begins to circulate. We're disappointed, but it does make this year's experience all the more meaningful—we know it would be too hard to replicate anyway. Flight tomorrow. I think I read that the plane is showing *A Straight Story*, the new David Lynch... Yeah, flyin' ain't so bad. *

Strut & Fret



BY PENELOPE MULLIGAN

RUBYCAB 2000
Presented by Ruby
Slippers
Friday, May 12
Performance Works

Subtlety, seduction, subversion. Three of the sweetest Scurves in life and not one of them within wailing distance of this production. Its politics got through customs, and technically, the thing chugged along like a shiny new Beemer. It wasn't boring. But then neither is being beaten over the head with a blunt instrument.

In a staggering array of numbers, the tireless cast of five satirized everything that a dot.com puppy or an arts whore could be accused of. We had road rage, sex enhancement videos for couples, New Age boards, Bard on the Beach, Ikea carts recycled as homes for the homeless (that one I found offensive, though probably not for any reasons they intended), insensitive tourists, hopelessly out of touch social workers, the exoticization of people of colour and much, much more. And we forgot how cultured we are, a

few hapless right-wing yobboes were trotted out for a round of ridicule. There were lots of inside jokes (mostly unrelayed) to flatter the audience. All in all, I'm reasonably sure that no one learned a fucking thing. Not too good from a show whose avowed intention was to provoke.

The problem with such obvious satire is that everything comes thundering through the front door. Without the element of surprise, we are also deprived of revelation. The barbs were up on the radar screen long before they hit. Targets were so broadly drawn that even the glibest parties in the audience couldn't possibly have seen themselves in these grotesque, overblown stereotypes. How could they be expected to? Much of the content felt like weekend supplement fodder and whenever an issue surfaced with a potential for relevance, its treatment rarely managed to penetrate to the personal where provocation and change really begin. It all got a bit numbing.

How tragic then, that so much was wasted on this. Pots of money for a start. The set was simple yet elegant—a circular flip-screen facilitated text and video projection while two stages enhanced the main performing area cable, but in this production, four of Vancouver's finest jazz musicians often came off sounding like hired guns.

The performers—Carmen Aguirre, Diane Brown, Shawn Macdonald, David Mackay, and Ian Ross MacDonald—were highly skilled and their physical theatre technique had me gasping with admiration. The nastiest and best-aimed piece was a pop-up adventure story of a boy's journey from family dysfunction to Youth Rehab. While one actor read the story, the others played it out in perfect synchrony as the book's pop-up tabs were pulled in and out. Shawn Macdonald was a special joy to watch. He's endlessly inventive, so believable he made me laugh. At times I almost felt that the material's heavy-handedness was lying him down when he

wanted to fly.

Eleven people are credited with the creation of Rubycab. Maybe that's how many it takes to make a Big Mac out of a cabaret. But then, anything can get co-opted these days.

PEARLY MAMA
Presented by Boca del Lupo

Saturday, May 13
Firehall Arts Centre

Seeing this play was like getting a present that you knew your friends wouldn't think was cool. But you love it and you're going to wear it anyway.

In the middle of a black stage, a pinkish playhouse waited like a shod broken loose from a dream. Into it walked Pearl, an extravagantly dotted lady pulling a convoy of little wagons and miniature shopping carts. They contained her family—three animal hand puppets and a ragdoll, all chattering and whining at her. Of course they were aspects of her psyche and if you wanted you could follow the complex and beautiful allegory as the story unfolded, but as Pearl herself might say, "Let's not get into that." It was just as rewarding to accept them all as autonomous characters. As well as playing Pearl, solo performer Linda Putnam voiced and animated every one of these creatures. Co-ordinating this bedlam was

no easy feat and Putnam's skill was at its best when things really got chaotic.

Try to imagine Blanche Dubois channeling Pee Wee Herman and you might begin to picture the wonder that was Pearl. Obsessive to the point of needing a special outfit for each activity, she had a handbag full of lists and an arsenal of avoidance tactics for blowing off difficult or unpleasant thoughts. Always busy, but never doing anything (as the Bear was fond of reminding her) she fluttered about like a nurturing typhoon.

Yet we always had an uneasy sense of the outside world pressing against her anxiously ordered universe—a feeling that was strengthened by the set design. Whether it was unfriendly landlords or the dentist she needed but couldn't afford, the critters forced her to question her acceptance of it all. Putnam's material and performing style rode a fine line between unintentional hokiness and a high parody of the same. For the most part, I'll never know which it was, but that was part of the play's seductiveness. Just when you'd snuggled down giggling into the surreal sweetness of her world, a blast of cold air would come in through a side door. In one such scene, she sat in a tiny rocking chair, prattling about her successful fruit home.

To "take her mind off things," she'd turned on the radio just in time to catch an interview with a Central American woman recounting months of brutal torture at the hands of her country's government. As Pearl methodically related the story in all its horrific detail, you had to wonder if we were still in the same play. Then the action folded in on itself and you realized that our space auntie had been setting us up for a challenging encounter with reality. The story tripped on, becoming a sugar-coated nightmare of unfinished business and fruitless tangents, made all the more sinister by Putnam's fairytale delivery.

Whether dealing with trivial issues or trivial excuses for ignoring big issues, Putnam never let you off the hook once the penny dropped. What allowed this all to go down so stealthily was the dreamy world that she pulled you into. Disarmed by the sweet weirdness of it all, I sat like a child with my hands between my knees and learned that I must be careful of all that stuff that eats up my time and keeps me away from what I really want. Good advice and we've heard it before, but in the strangest way, Pearly Mama made the consequences of ignoring it much scarier. *

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LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY!

Our annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is August 15, 2000.

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Video Philter



BY TANIA BOLSKEYA

Canadian television: the yawning saga of a country that barely tries. In this spartan nation, "Government arts funding" can be translated into the native vernacular as "money to lazy shits who don't want to do a decent days work while my hard earned tax dollar gets pissed away." We are deprived on a daily basis of good quality, domestically produced television entertainment. Apart from the one or two excellent programs available, usually involving either Rick Mercer or Don McKeller, we have to make do with a lot of crappy turn-of-the-century costume dramas that equate quaint with cutting-edge, and an equal number of crappy comedy shows more hoary than Catskillsapalooza 2000.

Which is why it's always better to tape the only five good shows on North American TV and head straight to the British TV section at Videomatica to fill in the gaps. With the veritable collapse of the UK film industry a few decades back, the British government began pouring funding into television production companies like Channel 4.

Instead of making feature films, British talent directed their efforts into theatre-quality television entertainment. The result has been a cornucopia of riveting series and miniseries, some of which have been screened in recent film festivals, and many of which are available for rental as well as showing on Canadian cable channels like Bravo and Showcase.

Innovative and provocative, the recent spate of British miniseries to be ferried across the Atlantic have easily demonstrated what great television looks like. Although these Anglo-imports are rife with classic Victorian fiction adaptations (Austen, Brontë and Dickens fans need never starve for on-screen petticoats and good manners), more post-modern works also abound.

One of the most status-quo-disturbing is *Queer as Folk*, a five-and-a-half hour trip through Manchester's gay scene which was produced in two parts—the first series of eight episodes filmed in 1999 was followed up by a three-segment coda in 2000. While other shows fea-

ture gay characters who quip and dance and have multiple partners, *Queer* puts the boys-who-like-boys front and center and never takes its eyes off of them as it peers into the dark, and brilliant, aspects of their lives. Notorious for its explicit man-on-man sex scenes, some involving a character only 15 years old, *Queer as Folk* doesn't just use the homo mystique for a few quick laughs and a pat lesson on inclusion. Amidst the hilarious writing, camp characters and endless nightclubbing, a very real group of men is revealed in its full humanity. At the centre of the mole-storm are Vince and Stewart, two lads who have grown up gay together, but who remain "just friends," despite the rather obvious longings of the too-nice Vince for the flagrantly egotistical, blatantly sexy Stewart. Into their mix of nightclubs and day jobs comes (prematurely, of course) Nathan, a teenager who makes his way from the suburbs down to Manchester's infamous Canal Street in the hopes of beginning a shagging hobby. What makes *Queer as Folk* such

a mesmerizing view is the fabulosity with which these characters are never patronized into being anything more than flawed, but fabulously funny, humans.

"Bumholes. I offer up to you rows upon rows of bumholes."

These are the opening lines, not from the cut-of-the-closet-and-sitting-in-your-front-room *Queer as Folk*, but a 1995 Dennis Potter as *Folk*, *Lipstick on Your Collar*. The year is 1936 and the place is the War Office in London. The reference to nether orifices is made by one of the officers staffing the stifflingly boring Russian Translation Department as he attempts to add a little levity into the crushing atmosphere. Set during the Suez Crisis, *Lipstick on Your Collar* examines—in a surrealist style fans of Potter's former work, *The Singing Detective*, would recognize—the generation gap of late-'50s England, a trench that became a chasm in the early sixties when London started swinging for good. The stiff-upper-lip army officers of the Translation Department are pitted, culturally and attitudinally, against their clerks: Mick, a would-be drummer who spends his days imagining the entire staff cutting loose in lavish rock 'n' roll dance numbers; Pete, a career corporal who beats his wife and intimidates anyone lower in rank; and Frank, a Welsh dreamer who wants nothing more than to worship a woman in the manner of Pushkin. Much of the action revolves around Frank as he woos the blonde bombshell who lives in the upstairs flat. While the performances are good, especially Ewan McGregor as the rock-obsessed Mick, the story is a little forced, and there are a dozen too many dance numbers. If more time were spent understanding the older men, instead of just showing

how out of touch they are, the differences between the two sets of soldiers might introduce some poignant insights. As it is, the young men fall into puppy love and the old rave for war and the maintenance of Empire. Then it ends.

A more interesting statement on Britain's political and social history, and one which makes better use of the surreal, is 2000's *Gormenghast*. Starring Mick Jagger's secret love-child, Jonathan Rhys Meyers, as a social-climbing kitchen slave, *Gormenghast* is a skewered fairy tale about caste and tradition which looks fabulous and plays like a dream. In the hermetically sealed corridors of Gormenghast, which is run not by its titled lord but by a giant book of ceremonies, the Earl Groan has a teenage daughter, a wife and two sisters, as well as the usual trusty retainer (played in *Crusoe* by Christopher Lee). The story opens with the wails of the heir to the seat as he slips from his mother's loins, only to be instructed not to return to her presence until he is at least six years old. Meanwhile, in the bowels of the castle (a building which seems to encompass two-thirds of the entire earthdome) a kitchen boy—born to the kitchens, and thus condemned to live out his life as their servant—decides to take his fate into his own hands and escape. Young master Steelpike soon works his charm on various members of the royal family and their staff as he aids and abets the castle intrigue. The veteran cast of British performers peopling *Gormenghast*, including Lee, Zoe Watanmaker, Richard, Stephen Fry and John Sessions, leave nothing to subtlety in this outrageous and eminently watchable fantasy whose only downfall is a ridiculous and

misogynistic side-story. By the only comparison, *Gormenghast* and class systems are strikingly denounced in a way that would seem heavy-handed in many projects, but which fits this fairy tale perfectly.

Less aesthetically heavy, but just as atmospheric, is 1998's *Ultraviolet*, a science fiction thriller of the X-Files paranoid variety. Little do you know, as you skim through DISCORDER, that vampires are infiltrating the world. They look like you and I, but they're infinitely more charming and they prefer not to sunbathe. A very select group of people has been chosen to make up an ultra-secret adjunct to the police department. Their one assignment is to find blood-suckers, who are identified as carriers of the *Vivus*, and neutralize them. The only valid excuse you could have for not being interested in watching *Ultraviolet* is an aversion to entertainment. Nothing deep is going on here, though the series is rife with meaningful stunts and allusions to incurable diseases, but the moody look, brooding performances and killer story make this an easy six-hour romp. If you're an X-Files junkie stov- ing for a little payoff, or just a fan of the dark, dank and suspenseful, *Ultraviolet* is your rent.

Peyoff is a rare bird in the forests of commercial North American TV, for every *Sex in the City*, there are a dozen Shasta McNasty's. While I don't claim that British TV is an overall better product than the 100 channel universe we are graciously allowed by Rogers to subscribe to, by snipping up a few quality UK programs to supplement your meager North American supply (just until Anne of Green Gables: Anne's Retirement Home of Dreams comes on) your entertainment existence will be enriched. *



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H a p p i n e s s

On Lovers

It's best to keep your eyes closed. And cross your fingers. If they move their lips to speak, insert your fingers inside their mouth. Then it might last just a little longer.

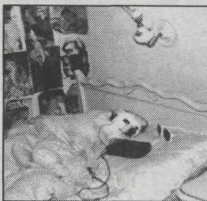
On Loving

It is undecided whether it hurts more or less to do it privately. There is no choice, however, when it comes to whether you should do it at all.

On Love

It's not what you think it is. But the trick is finding someone who is as wrong as you. *

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Under Review

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BEACHWOOD SPARKS (Sub Pop)

While I've lived on the West Coast all my life, I've never experienced that fabled Californian "mellowness." I've been to California once and that was an eleven-day rush-to-the-tourist-attractions bus ride—believe me, there's nothing mellow about that. Come to think about it, there's been nothing mellow about me. Between final exams, work, and various other things, I could probably use another trip to California—or anywhere else, for that matter. So what does this have to do with anything? Well, **Beachwood Sparks** are from California and their self-titled debut is full of mellow, country-tinged rock music that most will associate with the late '60s/early '70s. Don't think that these songs were rejected from some made-for-TV movie producer who couldn't get the rights to any country-tinged rock music that was actually made in the late '60s/early '70s, though. These songs are played with a freshness that makes you want to wear your cutoffs and go hang out barefoot in a sunny patch of grass. Or at least, that's what they made me want to do. I wonder if my neighbours would mind if I borrowed their lawn?

Cat Moore

B'EHL

Bright Eyes (Endearing)

I'm in a good mood, and b'ehl is responsible. Bright Eyes keeps finding its way into my CD player in the mornings, while I'm getting ready to go out, and right before I go to sleep. It's too happy for essay writing. I keep wanting to dance instead of pondering gender performativity. But I digress—I should be talking about how superego b'ehl is. The music lives up to the CD's colorful, childlike watercolour cover art by band member Allison Somers. Her art reminds me of the really great books my mom used to get from the library and read to me before bedtime. Eye candy and ear candy all combined into one blissful experience... could a girl ask for more?

This Winniepoet quartet is all about pop tunes, sweet vocals and sunny days. Even the rainy day songs on the album are charming. It's quite fitting that their label is called Endearing, because if I only had one word to describe b'ehl, it would be endearing. They're like a favourite younger cousin: intelligent, sweet, energetic and talented. The songs are very well crafted, honest and simple. If

only I could hit those high notes, I'd be singing along in the car and even on the 99 Bline bus.
Doretta Lou

CHAPPAQUIDICK SKYLINE (Sub Pop)

Some CDs exist in a narrow band of really accessible only rarely and never predictably. Listen at the wrong moment... Poof! There has all the genius gone! **Chappaquidick Skyline's** debut is one of those CDs. Erin liked it once, now it makes her angry. For me it's perfect when I'm feeling neither aggressive nor political, neither propping me up with just a standard tracks and talented artists—like **Sarah Dougher**—spread themselves too thin.

Sarah Dougher

SCUD MOUNTAIN BOYS (Mr. Dalry)

The increasing ease with which a person can record and release an LP is undeniably a good thing. Unfortunately, the consequent increase in the quantity of music being released has, in some senses, led to a decrease in quality. More crappy stuff gets released, CDs become clogged up with standard tracks and talented artists—like **Sarah Dougher**—spread themselves too thin.

So, hat on the heels of the new CD from **Scud Mountain Boys**, I'd like to say that the new CD of Dougher's from various projects comes the follow-up to her last solo LP, *Day One*, which appeared on R Records. The Walls Ablaze continues the indie rock singer approach of that recording. This time around, though, Dougher has a sturdier rock backing and develops a style that tends towards standard indie rock, with jangling guitars for the fore.

It's a pleasant sound but it hardly stands out in the increasingly crowded marketplace. There's nothing here as haunting or poignant as the best songs on her last LP, she's not in such powerful vocal form this time around and the whole thing is marred by a rather weedy production job.

Dougher, like a lot of today's musicians, seems to lack focus and the faculty for self-criticism. A considerable talent is going to waste here.
Sam Macklin

ELLIOTT SMITH Figure 8 (Dreamworks)

For some strange reason, every time I've set out to listen to this record, I've fallen asleep. It doesn't matter where I am, either. Last night, with a desk lamp shining almost directly into my face, I nodded off sometime during the middle of the album. Also strange is the fact that there's probably no particular part of the album that sends me off to the land of nod—it just happens. I'm not as fit as I just Elliott and his guitar either; most songs feature a dull band and a few songs utilize a string section. I've also been well-rested lately, so I'm not overtired. No, if I may make a diagnosis, my drowsiness is most likely caused by two things: the length of the album and the prettiness of the

songs. Fifteen (the 16th track is included in every other CD these days) very pretty, very polished songs are bound to cause anyone to fall asleep very quickly. By the evidence I've gathered during waking moments, it's a good album—the songwriting's there and everything—but perhaps it's too nice a record for its own good. Or, at the very least, mine.
Cat Moore

ENDGAME here is where tomorrow starts (SpectraSound)

Imagine pop-punkers **Punchbunny** playing emo music not very well, and you basically have Ottawa's **endgame**. Ironically enough, the reason for this comparison would be because **endgame's** drummer, Andrew, played rhythm guitar, and vocalist/guitarist, Bryan, played guitar and sang in **Punchbunny**.

The sad thing about it is that it is quite probable that there are a lot of aspiring rock stars out there who can play emo as good, if not better, than this trio without even trying. This album sounds like it was all done in one take, and unfortunately, I don't mean that in a good way. **Endgame** is loose and unpolished and it barely sounds like they care. The rhythm section can't keep it together, and what are supposed to be difficult and intelligent-sounding time changes simply sound like mistakes and noise. Not unlike a bunch of high schoolers with lots of potential, but a LOT of hours in the garage ahead of them.

Out of the eight tracks on this, the only one that really turned my crank was "Summer's Away," which sounded a lot like early **Lowbreaker**, or even some of the new **Jets to Brazil** stuff. Despite the lofy composition, this CD really does not warrant them.

I knew **Punchbunny** had lost their edge, but their worst output bettered this.
Mike Chilton

ENON Believe (SeeThru Broadcasting)

From the remains of **Brainiac**, John Schmersal ascended with a 4-track in hand and began developing material that eventually saw the light of day as **John Stewart Hill**.

Discovering then that he was sick of Kentucky, John scurried up to New York and formed friendships with **Rise Lee** and **Steve Callaghan** of **Skeleton Key**. The trio, with their many odd musical interests, developed **Enon** and blessed us with **Believe!**

Believe! is one of those discs which is always difficult for the lazy music critic to describe. And I am that critic. **Enon** is listener friendly in so many ways, with its abundant melodies, the songs could enjoy rock cult fame. Perfect post-rock,

college radio, deconstructionism lurked still by the swell production of **Barkmarket's** Dave Sardy. Getting the point, my friend? One of their main tools of craft is the element of noise: LP pops, strangled alarms, carefully chosen moments of distorted guitars create beautiful, difficult listening.

Bleek Emerson Winchester III

GREAT LAKES Lakeview (Kindercore)

It's like being in *The Muppet Show*... you know that happy-go-lucky country twang with the dull piano. All I picture are falch-headed creatures hopping up and down, side to side, smiling their demonic little smiles. I'm flashed back to the seventies, shag carpet and all, and the Swedish Chef is wiggling out because he has no hands. REAL hands, and a PUPPET head...
No, it's not like that. At least, not entirely like that. But the part that's the best thing about this bang on. These three chaps from Georgia play with all the earnestness and simple honesty that they can muster—I believe that—but the music that they play seems ideally suited to a seventies basement pleasure den, with orange carpets and shaggy haircuts. There's just a few too many organs, clarinets and dull pianos along with their stylishly out-of-tune variety and quiet electric guitars for my tastes. I think I just have a problem with the '70s. It's my issue.

I'm dealing with it in my own special way, and **Great Lakes** is not helping me. Every time I roommate plops on the CD, and those **Air Supply** sounds kick down the hallway to my room, I can't help but get palm sweats and have flashbacks of polyester shirts and brown everywhere, brown and orange everywhere. Not good.

I mean, if you like the '70s and are down with things like Grey's and shag carpets and **Supertramp**, this is your kind of record. I, on the other hand, will be hiding in my room, away from all the polyester and disturbing muppets.
Anthony Mondy

TOMMY GUERRERO A Little Bit of Something (Mc Wax)

There are three things that I should've seen 14 years ago but didn't: **Big Black**, **American Music Club**, and the original **Bones Brigade**. Unlike good records, good skateboard videos are rarely reissued, so you can't read about *The Search for Animal Chin* and **Tommy Guerrero**, "one of the greatest skateboarders of all time."

I picked up this CD so I could write "McWax" on skateboard tires and fails of making music." There, I said it. But it's not entirely true. Unlike **Mark Gonzales'** crappy performance art and poetry, *A Little Bit of Something* has a surprisingly good. Seems like Guerrero did every-

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Sat 03 Parlour
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Slow dive
pivision
soundtrack
music

Every Sunday Gaia
team lounge
+ hq communication
down tempo arom
+ bass.

Every Tuesday millennium
Project
it's jazz that
lands with the
money side up

Thurs 08 braad
turner
jazz quartet
is not helping me

Fri 09 under the
table
otaku + board
rear K

Sat 10 Web
show extradi-
aire - whip your
funk ass into
shape

Wed 14 Janet panic
of 10 foot henry

Thurs 15 Zubotta
Jesse Zubot
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thing on this album—from playing all the instruments to recording himself—he makes sure we know it's his own music (appearing on the liner notes eight times). His songs are instrumental and short. Although he hits a few Adult Contemporary rhythms, the Latin guitar is clear. Cameron's music makes me want to open the curtains and let the sun... I mean the clouds... forget it.

I'd gladly trade *A Little Bit of Something for a Copy of Animal Crackers*, but until I find someone who's stupid enough to make a lopsided trade, I don't mind holding onto this little album.

Christa Min

THE HARD FEELINGS Fought Back and Lost (Sympathy for the Record Industry)

Like their kindred spirits *The Hard Feelings*, now that the roots of rock 'n' roll lie in the blues, and they play with a sincerity that most bands seem content only to ape. What's even more surprising is their age: I'd guess that these guys are barely in their twenties, guitarist Schooley being in his late teens when he formed *The Revelators*, a short-lived group whose only album for Crypt Records spot a more razzan-sharp garage punk blues songs than a rest full of wipers. And that's how his guitar playing sounds on *Fought Back and Lost*: slithering, sliding, sending shivers down your spine full of moonshine. Bassist Andy Mack and drummer Trey Robles (along with former Jack-O'-Reb frontman Walter Daniels on mouth harp) howl and bark along, keeping the voodoo beat steady and ready to go! go! go! No hard feelings here, just some fine back-porch, smokin' swamp swagger that me likes a lot.

Byce Dunn

THE (INTERNATIONAL) NORSE CONSPIRACY Survival Sickness (Burning Heart/Epithaph)

When I first heard this young Swedish quintet, I made some instantaneous comparisons to musical brethren *The Make Up* and *The Delta 72*, bands who incorporate the sounds of '60s garage (and soul to send their message [in the case of *The Delta 72*, to simply shake a tail-feather, and for *The Make Up*, to shake a tail-feather while saying Yeah!) in a quasi-religious style). But for our European friends, this is only half of the message. After listening to their latest manifesto, it goes much deeper, to an almost educational level of self-awareness about your own surroundings and the life you live every day. It's like if all the great social-political figures of the last 40 years got together to throw a party, this would be their soundtrack. The lead-off cut, "I Wanna Know About U," takes a simple but catchy guitar riff and loops it

around a questionnaire about self-realization while "The Reproduction of Death" contemplates the issue of economic consumption feeding off of physical needs to the point of exhaustion but rocks the joint with *Kinks*-like proficiency. Such is the formula behind this revolutionary band. In a time where music is intended to be enjoyed simply for the style, *The (International) Norse Conspiracy* sets fire to your feelings in the hopes that you'll be "thinkin' while you're dancing your ass off."

Byce Dunn

LTJ BUKEM Inward Journey (Good Looking)

He was one of my earliest favorites in drum 'n' bass, and he still is. In the drum 'n' bass of it, I'm hearing a lot of spiky basslines wrapped around a rhythmic sections guaranteed to tear you apart. It's nice to be reminded by artists like *LTJ Bukem* that the jazzy and sublime are completely compatible with this genre. This two-disc release also contains some down-tempo tunes that are slick and funky. In fact, one track contains a three minute cello solo, and it's beautiful. For those who enjoyed *Earth: Volumes one and two* and the variety contained within, *Inward Journey* will definitely be to your liking. The beats are still driving, but the cool basslines and the overall atmosphere mellow, making the album very listenable on and off the dance floor. It's unfortunate that he wasn't able to make his appearance at *Rock* recently. But for those things better for now, it couldn't hurt to give this one a listen.

Samuel Kim

MACHA LOVED BEDHEAD (Jostel) MURDER CITY DELVIS In Name and Blood (Sub Pop)

Here's some advice to anyone about to embark on a big trip: take good music with you. Mix tapes often do the trick, but it never hurts to take along a few new albums to add a little spice to your life. As I sit here in the heart of the Netherlands (and nowhere and listen to bad Top 40 radio), I am thankful that when I go my friend's apartment, I can crank up my *Bedhead* CDs, watch *Powerpuff Girls* on Cartoon Network, and feel as though I never left home. To give you an idea of the cliché here, I sent my friend three CDs for his birthday—*LTJ Bukem*, *LTJ With a Bomb*, and *All*. Three are still in their plastic wrap, gathering dust on his bookshelf. I guess!

I've been listening to my CDs while sitting at work, and it's doing wonders for the jello. The collaboration between the Brothers Bedhead (now defunct) and Atlanta's *Macha* is one which inspires nothing but

happy thoughts in my head. It's a shame that it's only on an EP, as the *Reproduction of Death* that I have made for a brilliant full-length. The Bedhead boys laid down the basic frame of the songs, and Macha went and lashed them out. There's nothing like hearing some big horns attached to the beautiful meanings of traditional Bedhead fare. Ahhh... I think that I even like the mellow-out, telephone-button sounds of the cover of *Cherry's* "Believe." Not just an annoying novelty, it comes across as a viable song without all that dancey crack tacked on. I do not dare to try and play the new *Devils CD* while my friend's at home. This ever-hard-rockin' band is not, shall we say, Dutch-techno-fan-friendly. I'm sure there are a few crazies here who like the band, though, as they're scheduled to play a metal festival at the end of May. I'm crossing my fingers that I can go, just so that I can be the cool one standing at the front who already knows all the words to all the songs on the new album. The Devil's third release shows that they are the eternal purveyors of cool. If you're not aware of the magic of this band, live or recorded, check out their new, big label release. The music is as tight as ever. The lyrics are also smart as ever. I've got to stop listening to this awesome stuff, or I'll never remember how to speak Dutch.

Julie C.

CAROLYN MARK Party Girl (Mini)

Carolyn Mark is a gorgeous drunken charmer who bars her eyelids while swearing like a prairie tractor, so at first listen *Party Girl* seemed unremarkable in comparison. A bit list, a bit more poppy than I expected—a bit, well, average. However, a few more turns on the CD player have brought out the highlights. Mark, former *Vinagrets* and the other half of *The Corn Sisters*, has a voice that sneaks up on you sweet and low. Where did she pick up a drawl like that in Victoria? She recorded this album in studios, bars and farmhouses across Canada in some very talented company. The boys and girls croon the backup whoop, and there's a beautifully subtle trumpet on "Don't Come Over Baby" that is worth the slow tunes that follow. It's all about life lived and love lost on the Canadian honky tonk, so sit you down, buy another round and give it this album the chance it deserves.

Anna Friz

MR. T EXPERIENCE Alcatraz (Lookout)

After years of toying the line between the top punk pop and sellout shite, *The Mr. T Experience* have taken their eyes off the real prize and fallen into a potty hole of their own cre-

ation. Covering themselves in personal isolation booths, the band laid down what they believed was a back on rock 'n' roll but only managed enough content for one of those flyers that bonds itself to your windshield after days of rain. Boo. Hiss. Shame.

Jamahl

SUPER CHIKAN What You See (Fat Possum)

Fat Possum has been on a quest to find "authentic" blues sound, preferably in a gin-joint back in the southern swamp, preferably played by some gold-tooth-grinning oldster of 70. And thanks to the Possum we have the likes of *T-Model Ford* and *RL Burnside* back on tour. But blues is a living tradition, and people live the lives they sing about—it may be true that that *RL Burnside* keeps his legs chained and locked shut to keep his kids from stealing his food, but it's a story that's quickly becoming the stuff of urban white folklore. So before the blues is hopelessly typecast, bring on *Super Chikan*.

This is the kind of blues that drives a big-ass Chevy pickup. James "Super Chikan" Johnson ain't no Mississippi delta shack-dweller! Hoodoo man, he's pure trailer park wah-wah pedal truck-stop blues, with some deep southern rhythms tossed in for good measure. What you see is what you get for sure—like "El Camino" and "Okie Dook" make you want to dance late at night and swirl cheap American beer until your cheatin' baby comes home. He's got a helluva leavy groove, he scots like *Screamin' Jay Hawkins*, he craws and cackles too—he's all that and a bucket of chicken. "My mama told me you better be careful yellin' like they white folks, they might think you a coyote or something."

Anna Friz

TRANS AM You Can Always Get What You Want (Thrill Jockey)

Trans Am is one of the first wave of US post-rock groups that followed in the wake of the original early-'90s UK scene. Although post-rock has become synonymous with lame post-slint guitar instrumentals, *Trans Am* are closer to the "true" spirit of the genre. That is to say, they use rock means for non-rock ends and vice-versa. This creates a dynamic tension all the more powerful because *Trans Am* put the two elements (rock and non-rock) in such radical opposition. *You Can...* highlights and celebrates the differences between musical styles, creating a genre-bending friction that sends sparks a-flyin'.

The two main elements at play here are '70s-style head-banging rock and nu skool breakdancing electro. When the two are brought together the

effect is pretty phenomenal. Unfortunately, much of this album is made up of tracks which highlight only one or other of the elements. This is, perhaps, a function of the disc's format—basically a compilation of rare, previously released material. In this context, the moodier electro stuff fares better than the rather pointless rockier tracks. What this reveals is that if *Trans Am*'s (mostly instrumental) music has meaning and emotional content, it comes from a sense of haunted abstraction that gives Detroit techno its depth.

Still, in all its abstraction, *Trans Am* is a beguiling and forceful band. And, in its raggedness, this album acts as an excellent introduction to their range and raw power.

Sam Macklin

WEEN White Pepper (Elektra)

"Back to Basom" from Gene and Dean Ween's seventh studio LP sounds like a contemporary attempt to simulate a fictional mid-'70s collaboration between *ELO*, *Wings* and *Mike Oldfield*. Meanwhile "Bananas and Blow" is an out-and-out nod to *Jimmy Buffet* and "Pandy Facker" is a love song for a destitute prostitute. These should not be good things. But Ween have always been driven by their malevolent distastefulness, who commands them to make the unthinkable distasteful strongly appealing.

White Pepper is the by now familiar mixture of satirical-but-loving pastiche and perception-altering psychoactive abstraction. Sadly some of what made earlier efforts, like their magnum opus *Pure Guava*, so wonderful and unique is absent. The boys have moved toward a more homogenized psychedelic soft rock sound and ditched a lot of the lo-fi weirdness that gave the early works their unconventional edge. The fact that the lyrics aren't as appallingly offensive in the time around is probably no great loss, though.

More to the point, this album is packed to the pipes with grade A Ween moments: the analogue wooches on "Exactly Where I Am," the caustic shivers on "Flutes of Chk," the hilarious-yet-aching lyrics to "Even if You Don't" and "Falling Out," the very metal onslaught of "Stroker Ace," the drunk-as-elevator music of "Ice Castles," the pander electric piano solo on "Pandy Facker."

People often look agast in horror when they find out I love Ween. Why? They beg lack-jawed. Well, all the answers are on *White Pepper*. This band's imagination, daring and craftsman put the rest of the rock scene to shame. Next to Gene and Dean, just about anyone who rocks like a bore, a snob or a downright incompetent, Hail Booghnish!

Sam Macklin



**JAZZ
FESTIVAL
LINE-UP:**

thursday, June 22, 9:30pm
Jazz Fest
Kick-Off
w/ WILLY BROWN'S SAMBALICIOUS JAZZ BAND

friday, June 23, 8pm
Junction featuring
Chris Jarry
midnight
Soul featuring
Gord Gira

saturday, June 24, 8pm
Bob Murphy Trio
midnight
Bunco & the Single
Malt Quartet

sunday, June 25, 8pm
Tammy Weiss Quartet
midnight
Noel Bennett Trio

monday, June 26, 9pm
Springer-Ducommun Group

tuesday, June 27, 8pm
Alvin Cornista
Quartet
midnight
Sahara MacDonald
Quartet

wednesday, June 28, 8pm
Spizgirl
midnight
Bunco & the Single
Malt Quartet

thursday, June 29, 8pm
Stevie Vallance
Quintet
midnight
Anna Lumiere
Quartet

friday, June 30, 8pm
Libeatos
midnight
Bruno Hubert Trio

saturday, July 1, 8pm
Brad Turner Quartet
midnight
Bunco & the Single
Malt Quartet

sunday, July 2, 8pm
Alfira Dupray Quartet
midnight
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LIVE MUSIC REVIEWS

BLOOD AND FIRE SOUND SYSTEM

Wednesday, April 26

Sonar

It's not often that you get to see four legends of dub performing together, but that's just what Sonar offered the dub faithful at the **Blood and Fire Sound System** show. Trinity (aka Wade Bremner), Dillinger (Lester Bullock), and Ranking Joe (Joseph Jackson) each performed a marvellous set to the sounds chosen by selector Steve Barrow. Despite the somewhat disappointing turnout (the stage side was filled to about two-thirds capacity), it was nice to see many of the usual suspects in the crowd: you know, those people whom you don't actually know and never see except at shows... but you see them at EVERY show.

Despite the mediocre turnout, the energy of the faithful made up for any energy that might have been lacking due to the numbers. The show started a little late, but was well worth it. While Trinity's delivery was the smoothest, it was Ranking Joe that put on the most entertaining set of the evening, moving repeatedly from the stage to the crowd and back, feeding on the energy on the dance floor. Dillinger and Ranking Joe also put in entertaining sets and Barrow's selections were immaculate. The final number featured all three Blood and Fire DJs on stage freestyling with local rappers **Nidali Cascade** and **Matriarch QB**. Nice. My only real problem with the show was the atmosphere of the bar itself. It really sucks to see a dub show in a smoke-free bar! Whether you're pulling or not, the smoky haze of pot and cigarettes blending with the light show is an essential part of the dub experience. Then again, what does the city of Vancouver care about people enjoying a show?

JM

GUERRILLA GIRLS SATURDAY, APRIL 29 Stanley Theatre

The Guerrilla Girls opened to a crowd filled with the hippest and most outgrouped art scenesters. Of the Antropos series, this was the most highly anticipated show. The conscience of the art world was finally here. And just in time, considering all the greasy paint down at the Vancouver Art Gallery.

The Girls, masks grimacing viciously, straddled on stage, hucking fast-flying and dangerously overripe bananas into the audience. Between ducks and lunges, I noticed with disappointment that only two measly gorillas had crossed the border to shake

things up. Two! Somehow I had imagined an entourage, a fleet, at least a sextet, of masked avengers. But I guess rubber, fake fur and just a few angry girls can still cause a minor revolution.

Predictably, they began by narrating the stereotypical and multiple difficulties women artists have had to face, covering backlash spawned by their own interventions as well as some token amazon victory tales. From there, they discussed posters and campaigns from the comfort of the on-stage armchairs. Generally, though, the show lacked the punch the politics seemed to promise. Even the Guerrilla fatigues failed to shock: gone were the fishnet stockings, the black dresses and orange socks displayed in the past. The masks were less than hilarious as usual, yet matched with bodies bedecked in a modest, all-black pants suit and jumper. Taking time to explain the inside jokes of their recent crusades, the girls—introduced as Frida Kahlo and Kathe Kollwitz—shared the film and theatre industries, pointing out that since the inception of the Oscars, only two female directors have ever been nominated.

Following intermission was the "Tribute to Georgia O'Keeffe," performed by Patricia Oudrick and Susan Aschely. The 50-minute (1) monologue was in painfully boring contrast to the humor, insight and sarcasm of the girls; here, the height of the dramatic action was when Georgia O'Keeffe rhetorically asked the audience if we liked mint tea.

When the Guerrilla Girls returned for question period, the nitty-gritty of art/activism/politics was delved in to detail. Why did they charge \$40 per ticket if they want to involve the masses? Why critique texts that had made positive contributions to non-western art and women's writing? With their fame, had they sold out?

Artfully, the girls answered with a combination of earnest, frank dialogue, jokes, riddles and evasions. Still, let's hope that next time they took two shows—the pricey fundraiser night, and the low-budget, hands-on activist art-making live-back extravaganza.

Namiko Kunitomo

SALTEENS PLUMTREE B'EHL VANCOUVER NIGHTS PORTER HALL SATURDAY, MAY 13 Marlene Club

For New Music West, Endearing Records put together a swell-as-hell showcase. Too bad for those who saw **Bif Naked** instead. I

parked so far away from the Marine Club I missed the first half of **Porter Hall's** set. So did a number of people; the place was nearly empty to begin with. The lead singer was sick, but still managed some rough yet energetic vocals with indecipherable lyrics. The "meat stinks" sticker on his guitar was groovy. The quartet from Calgary put on a fast and loud show for those of us in attendance.

When **Vancouver Nights** took the stage, a crowd had finally formed. Dan from **Destroyer** played guitar, making me think that one indie kid betrays a little emotion. The lead singer possesses funky keyboard skills. She and Dan sang an off-key, but pleasing duet. Maybe her cool, grunge dress/pants outfit was affecting my perception, but the music had this vintage feel to it. Something was missing though. The crowd was there, but the energy hadn't peaked yet.

Maybe I'm biased, but things picked up when **b'ehl** took the stage. I've been digging their album **Bright Eyes** and wanting to see them live. The verdict: fun. I wanted to use exclamation marks, but thought it would be overkill. Their bassist, Bob Somers, has a lot of energy. Their music had a lot of energy. The vocals of Allison Somers and Michael Barrow sounded just as sweet and clear live as they do on the album. But it was clear who the majority of the crowd had come to see: **Plumtree**. As always, the band was warming. Contrary to the *Rolling Stone* magazine review of their new album ("they gave us 2 out of 10"), the girls did not sound like moose. I don't know how anyone can mistake the upbeat, pop-rock sound of Plumtree for an awkward animal. Lumbering they were not. The girls from Halifax got some of the crowd dancing, or at least bobbing their heads. I spotted one or two people singing along.

I'd never seen or heard the **Salteens**. The description I had received: "They are poppy. Their songs have a lot of babababab in them." They lived up to it. At first, I could only see the girl with the tiara. I thought the vocals were hers. Pretty sultry. Then I stood on a chair and realized that they belonged to Scott, the singer. The **Salteens** from *The Broody Bunch* would be loved in love. On the long trip back to the car we passed by three clubs, but no one looked like they had as much fun as we did.

Doretta Lau

THE THE SUNDAY, MAY 14 Commodore Ballroom

I didn't experience **The The** until 1992. It was then that my high school sweetheart, who was about to get deflowered, chose **Mind Bomb** as his soundtrack. From that pivotal evening in the Calgary suburb of Canyon Meadows, I have associated **The The** with lust, angst, and intensity three emotions that I find hard to come by in my postcollege, numbered-out 20s. So it's no wonder that, breaking up with said boy in 1994, I couldn't listen to **The The** anymore. I couldn't **GO THERE**. And, incidentally, Matt Johnson didn't release another album for seven years after 1993's *Dusk*, so I wasn't forced, out of curiosity and fanlust, to visit the lair of **The The** again.

I wasn't prepared for the tracks from **The The's** recent album **Naked Skin** and they hit me "zero of the bone." Playing in front of a bare brick wall and soaked with red lights, Matt Johnson looked like a more alternative in black jeans and a black button-down. He was so fucking good. His band was so fucking good—all three members had vastly different styles (resulting from the differing musical backgrounds in hard rock, jazz, and country) that complemented each other to perfection. Any musician that plays with the army that is Matt Johnson is going to be very resilient, and the current members of **The The** have each worked with legendary personalities. Drummer Eric Harvin was playing with **Sly & the Family Stone** when he was only 13. He was funky, hairy, and raw like sushi. Lead guitarist Eric Schermerhorn (**Iggy Pop's**) was a sonofabitch, coaxing strange and beautiful moans and shrieks from different bands, and the soprano singer Spencer Campbell (**Frank Sinatra**, **Kenny Rogers** and **Merle Haggard**) had finger skills as enormous as his comrades', but what really stood out for me were his gorgeous, haunting backing vocals—like *I*. Mascis, only in tune. Rumour has it he's a castrato. The **The The** tore through a lot of material from **Naked Skin** as well as older gems like "Beatless Generation," "Armageddon Days," "This is the Day," "Heartland," and the highlight of my night, "Infected." When they played the latter, I got more excited than my dog does during off-leash hours at the Nelson Dog Park—spazzing, convulsing, drooling and providing my companion with much amusement. It was cathartic. When it was over, I felt alive and lusty and very, very grateful. If you missed what may well become my favourite song of 2000, take heart: Matt & Co. hinted that they would be coming back at the end of their tour.

Hancut

THE MAD PROFESSOR SUNDAY, MAY 15 Sonar

Wow, Sonar is finally starting to become one of Vancouver's few viable venues for dub and reggae. This Monday night it was

The Mad Professor's turn. Although I was a little disappointed that he didn't bring a live band with him this time, as soon as the show itself got underway all my trepidation evaporated.

The Mad Professor cranked out beat after beat, seamlessly melding atmospheric dub with heavy drum and bass beats that kept the crowd in a frenzy all night long. I must say I was rather surprised by the beats... but then again, dub is one of the roots of drum and bass, so I shouldn't have been taken aback. I spent the entire show dancing beside the speakers feeling my internal organs vibrating to the droning bass: a sublime experience.

In true collaborative dub form, the Mad Professor and his freestyle sidekick (whose name I forgot) used the show as a showcase for artists on his record label (*Ariva*) rather than the Mad Professor's own work. Track after track from such dub luminaries as **Lee "Scratch" Perry** were worked over and transformed into the Mad Professor's own inane vision. At one point late in the night, he had cranked so many bass-heavy beats through the speakers that it seemed like the entire sound system was about to meltdown. The show also included a rather weird performance by local MC **Nidali Cascade**. Considering the heavy shit I've seen her drop, this was a bit embarrassing, and she seemed to know it. Otherwise the show was stellar. Who else can I say, besides the fact that anyone who missed this show because it got lost in the hangover from **NewMusicWest** is a sucker!

JM

THE MELVINS WEDNESDAY, MAY 17 Commodore

When it came time to perform "Smells like Teen Spirit," a guy in a **Boys II Men** shirt strutted on stage. He was the **Lee Garrett** lookalike that he didn't know the words. Who doesn't know the words? I "seen Spirit's" instead of "Come to my daddy's little nippie!" I spent the rest of the night staring at King Buzzo.

Christa Mininum

THE SMALLS FRIDAY, MAY 27 The Commodore

I wanted to go to this show because I have a soft spot for the bands that coaxed me through the transition from the world of **Def Leppard**, **Iron Maiden** and **AC/DC** into musical realms somewhat less fixated with multi-million dollar stage productions.

I beat-up cassette with the white cover and the graphic logo of **The Smalls** plopped in the center stands as an icon of this time. It was a throwback to the hibernation, the cozy days of old smelly venues seem to have been replaced by a standardization reeking of the big money tickets.

As we lined up for tickets

with a fairly large pack of other concert-goers and got carded by some fella wearing a headset, my friend turned to me and asked, "Are we at the right show?" We climbed the stairs, and then checked our coats. Because this is mandatory. Oh.

With the curtains still drawn you'll just have to imagine the darkness. **Punchdrunk** took the night with what was probably some cover of what is probably some famous/anonymous cheesy love song (the heavy chorus-effect on the guitar told me so), slowly whittling away the musings of tender romance and displacing them with a deviant sex rhyme c/w shampoo bottle sodomy. I think the voice was supposed to be that of **Ad Rose**. At this point my friend and I were wondering what the curtain would look like on fire.

From then on, it was nothing less than full-on Metal action. **Punchdrunk** took the night of noise at two-million beats per minute—stop... every song. Still, I admire the spectacle and sheer power of it all: lots of nonsensical screaming, bright flashing lights and banging heads, and dammit, how long has it been since a band has made the table, the chair, the glass of beer and my ribcage shake? Yeah, it's a little over the top, but I'm a sucker for a train—standing dangerously close, you kind of shut your eyes and feel the force of the thing, the wind, maybe smell a bit, and although you take note of the experience, you sort of look forward to the way that the silence will rush back after it disappears. I was hoping that the train would maybe derail and run over, splatter my guts all over the walls. Instead, it was like the train impressed me with the thematic content of their last song, which, if I heard correctly, was about turkey. I suppose they might have been referring to the country. Anyway, not nearly enough songs have been written in praise of carnivorous, communal feasting.

The Smalls were able to offer a bit more breathing room than the **Punchdrunk** measures of mid-tempo sludge and negative space from the various voices did pique my interest periodically. There were also some enjoyable rants reminiscent of the shuffling guitar thrash of ancient **Metallica**, before... well, you know. But, following the eminent stamping of their openers, **Edmonton's** golden boys seemed to put off a comparatively lackadaisical live, the anti-change being led by the band's noticeably subdued vocalist. Likewise, my energy began to wane.

We checked out early after my newly acquired sensitivity to successive power-chords threatened to develop into a full-blown rash. Or, perhaps our premature departure was due to the sense that they were being stalked by some evil presence within the venue itself. There was that, too.

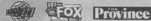
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WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, etc.

VENUS FLYTRAP'S LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM loveden@hotmail.com

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FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00-10:00AM Japanese music and talk.

THE NORTHERN WISH 10:00AM-12:00PM Spike spins Canadian tunes accompanied by spotlights on local artists.

STAND AND BE CUNTED 12:00-1:00PM DJ Hancunt urges women to get down with their cunts while listening to women in jazz, funk, rap, soul, world beat, disco and beyond.

THE SHAK 1:00-2:00PM

FREE RADIO PRESS 2:00-3:00PM 'Zines are dead! Long live the 'zine show! Sam and Bleek present the underground press with articles from 'zines from around the world.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM 'Eat, sleep, ride, listen to Motordaddy, repeat.'

RACHEL'S SONG 5:00-7:30PM Info on health and the environment, consumption and sustainability in the urban context, plus the latest techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Hosted by M.Poth.

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 7:30-9:00PM SlaterKinney, low, sushi these are a few of our fave-oh-wit things.

REPLICA REJECT alt. 7:30-9:00PM Independent and innovative music and noise from an ex-host of Little Twin Stars.

BY THE WAY alt. 7:30-9:00PM Let's give alternative media a chance-VIVA VINYL! 7's new and old, local cassette and demos.

FOLK OASIS 9:00-10:30PM The rootsy/world-beat-bluegrass/polka-alt/country/cajun-conjunto show that dares call itself folk. And singers-songwriters too.

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:30PM-12:00AM

Let DJs Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhurugal "Chakkh de phuty."

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 12:00-3:00AM Mix of most depressing, unheard and unlistenable melodies, tunes and voices.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 3:00-6:30AM

THURSDAYS

END OF THE HIGHBALL NEWS 6:30-8:30AM

REEL MUSIC 8:30-10:00AM Soundtracks and classical.

THE ETHER TABLE 10:00-11:30AM Crypto-cryptic and too much '80s vinyl. Roots of industrial [ho], atmospheric, avant garde and contemporary outer limits material. Phone-in marriage proposals encouraged.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby (hardcore).

THE ONCHATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00-3:00PM Comix comix comix oh yeah and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS 3:00-5:00PM

CULTURE CAVITY SEARCH 5:00-5:30PM

REELS TO REEL 5:30-6:00PM Movie reviews and criticism.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock 'n' roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bandz from 10-11.

HIGHBRED VOICES alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

MOODS, GROOVES AND EXPLORATIONS alt. 11:00PM-1:00AM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 1:00-6:00AM Loops, layers and oddities. Naked phone staff. Resident hatched with guest DJs and performers. <http://plutonia.org>

FRIDAYS

SHADOW AT DAWN 6:00-8:00AM With DJ Goulash.

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00-10:00AM Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00PM Email requests to djska.1k@hotmail.com.

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00-2:00PM DJ Splice and A.V. Shack bring you a flipped up, freaked out, full-on, funkified, sample heavy beat-tain trip, focusing on anything with breakbeats.

BLACK NOISE 2:00-3:00PM Essays, poetry, social commentary, and conscious music

from a Black radical perspective. If you can't take the heat listen to Z95.

NARDUWAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS... 3:30-5:00PM Nardo interviews the stars. Have a good lunch!

NOOZEE & ARTS 5:00-6:00PM

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00-9:00PM David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa & African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM Hosted by DJ Nosh. Techno, but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

SHTIMM! alt. 12:00-3:00AM The SHIMM! count-it-downers weekly. Chairmen: Jamal. Correspondents: DJ Marr, the delicious yet nutritious Erin, D.C. Cohen, the Rev. Dr. K. Edward Johnson and Wine-Jug Hutton.

SATURDAYS

THE MORNING AFTER SHOW 3:00-6:00AM

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 6:00-8:00AM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways. 8-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

SABEQUAM 12:00-1:00PM

POWERCHORD 1:00-3:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports and other rarities. Gerald Ronthead and Metal Ron do the damage.

LUCKY SCRATCH 3:00-5:00PM From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban hunk honks, blues and blues roots with your hosts Anna, Jim and Paul.

RADIO FREE AMERICA 6:00-8:00PM Extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you think. Originally broadcast on KJLH (Los Angeles, CA).

SOUL TREE alt. 10:00-1:00AM From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the nth degree.

PIPEDREAMS alt. 1:00-3:00AM

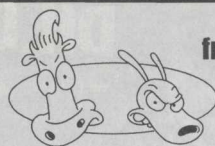
TABLETURNZ alt. 1:00-4:30AM

EARWAX alt. 1:00-4:30AM "noisier mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my choas, runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out—Guy Smiley

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30-8:30AM Hardcore dancehall reggae that will make your microphone quake. Hosted by Sister B.

There's something different...

...something fresh in spanish.



Alex Tornillo & Rooko Wallaby

Rock
Techno
Ska

Alternative

salario mínimo

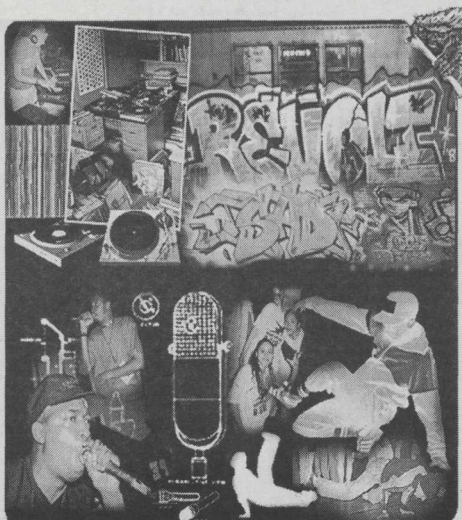
The first show featuring Rock in spanish music in Vancouver.

El primer programa de Rock en español en Vancouver.

CiTR
101.9 FM

MONDAYS/LUNES
6 - 8 A.M.
CiTR 101.9 FM / UBC

Porque no todo en esta vida es "salsa".



NATIONAL HIP HOP WEEK:
NOON TO 6 PM, FRIDAY JUNE 30TH ON CiTR 101.9 FM
CONSCIOUS DISCUSSION + BEATS.



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 July 12 Thu Montreal, Que
 July 14 Fri Ottawa, Ont
 July 16 Sat Quebec, Que
 July 17 Mon Toronto, Ont
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SELBY TIGERS



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24 June 2000

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

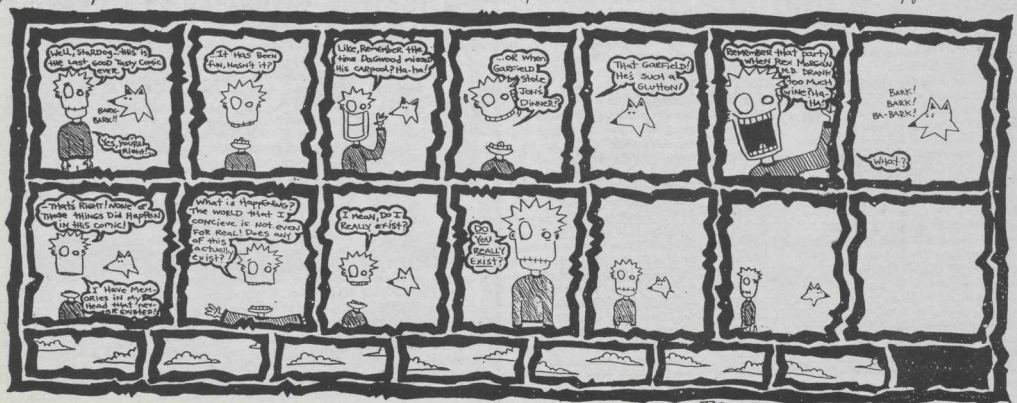
The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape ("indie home jobs") on CiTR's playlist was played by our djs during the previous month (ie, "June" charts reflect airplay over May). Weekly charts can be received via e-mail. Send mail to "majordomo@unix.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts" •

june indie home jobs

- the lorch
sweet sixteen
she rides a bike with an engine
lester bangs
behind the red sun
golden tokens
smiling memories
heap wonder
je ne sais pas
the orange peeler
el perro loco
tempe
mirror
talk about me
cheap words like happiness
boyfriend
up the downside
everybody dies
love stains
soundtrack

- 1 4am phone calls about logger tape
- 2 i'm too young to be everyone's mom
- 3 1,000,000 training sessions
- 4 dead air
- 5 "...so i have this great idea for a phish show..."
top five reasons why i'll miss citr
- 1 all the beautiful freaks
- 2 7 years on the air
- 3 brand new studio to play in!
- 4 mel
- 5 fringe benefits (can you spell swag?)

by Jason Da Silva



JASON DASILVA OUT CO

Datebook



WHAT'S HAPPENING IN JUNE

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE!

TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 822.9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE JUNE ISSUE IS JUNE 26TH!

FRI JUNE 2 Elliott Smith@Commodore; Ekeem, Ambiente@Club 23; The Radio@Sugar Refinery; Taylor James@Sugar Refinery; Church, New Town Animals, GG Dorr Ray & the Spellers@Brickyard
SAT 3 Lou Reed@Queen E; Galactic, Dirty Dozen Brass Band@Commodore; Jah Cutta & the Determination Band@Chameleon; Just Cause Live 2000@Seylwin Hall; Parlor Steps@Sugar Refinery; Dead Model Shoot, Brundelly@Brickyard
SUN 4 Gato@Sugar Refinery; Brickhouse@Yale

MON 5 Solea@Brickyard; Texas Flood@Yale

TUE 6 Millennium Project@Sugar Refinery; Gerald Charlo@Yale
WED 7 Double O Seven@P.C. Julie Dorian, Damien Jurdas, Jen Wood@Railway; Jayhawks@Richard's; Leslie Harris@Yale; Felchers, Blackouts, Ring@Brickyard

THU 8 Brad Turner Quartet@Sugar Refinery; Taylor James@Yale; Following Hawn, Cuban Neckties, Freak@Brickyard
FRI 9 Grapalozco featuring DJ Ariel, Off the Record, Sacka Kacikic, DJ Spice, BGirls, Nidil Casade, Mottrich QB, Kila Kacikic@Culch; Kinzie Star@Starfish; Donald Claude, Dana D., Math Genius@Club 23; Under the Table, Otaku, Howard Roark@Sugar Refinery; Indestructibles@Yale; DSK, Sun Like Star, Defaul@Brickyard

SAT 10 UBC Sailing Club Groovin' Hanger Party@Jericho Sailing Centre; Dick Dale, Velvee@Commodore; Grapalozco featuring 30 Holes, Tegans@Rosa; The Chapter 127, Fire, Onco, the Haggard, Drag Kings@Culch; DCA, Jim Byrnes, Bocephus King, One Trick Redem, Flannel Jimmy [benefit for Bissotto]@Vogue Theatre; Web@Sugar Refinery; Indestructibles@Yale; Creed, Sevendust, Nickelback@BGM Place; Newwave@oke [feat. I Mudder Accordion]@Brickyard
SUN 11 Gato@Sugar Refinery; Brickhouse@Yale

MON 12 Texas Flood@Yale; Of Florencia Romanes@Brickyard

TUE 13 Millennium Project@Sugar Refinery; Nigel Mac@Yale

WED 14 Cowboy Junkies@Commodore; N Sync@BGM Place; PHHHC CD launch@Culch; Droppin' Science [local drum 'n' bass showcase]@Anza Club; Midnight Moving Too Fast launch party [feat. readings by S.R. Duncan, Shane Koyczan, Susan Cormier, Karen Rempel, C.R. Avery, the Svetle M. Spell]@Bukowski's; Janet Fani@Sugar Refinery; Macking Shadows@Yale

THU 15 Eye of Newt Collective w/Passion of Joan of Arc@Bricklighting; Uiz Jme Doma, Loud, Jack Assassin@Brickyard;

Zubato@Sugar Refinery; Terry Edmunds@Yale

FRI 16 Strapping Yale; Led, Brand New Little@Commodore; Steve Wright & Maczine@Chapters Robson; Brent Carmichael, Intrinsic, Bradley@Club 23; Siki, Pano@Sugar Refinery; Blues Power@Yale; Nine Days@Richard's; New Pornographers, Thingy, Optionally Yours@Brickyard

SAT 17 Saturday, Run Chico Run, Team Strike Force@Railway; Resat, Subb, Men O' Steel@Java Joint; Rich Hope, Linda McKee, Max Pentac@WISE Hall; Urban Folk Caravan@BGM Quena; JPS, Stagnummer, The Commies, Les Tabernacles@Brickyard; Blues Power@Yale

SUN 18 Vandalz, Bigwig, Chick Magnets@Legion Auditorium
MON 19 Alkaline-Big Sugar in Dub@Commodore; Texas Flood@Yale; Victory Gin, Spinoffs, Bitchin' Cowpunk Massacre@Brickyard

TUE 20 Sockamogge presents Head, 33 Revolutions Per Minute@Anza Club; Twisted@Yale

WED 21 Willy MacCaulder@Yale; Forty Fives, Distortion Felix, Rhume@Brickyard

THU 22 Ween@Vogue; Willy Brown's Sambolicious Jazz Band@Jazz Cellar; The Nasty On, Notes from the Underground, The Cinch@P.C. Pub; Harb@Sugar Refinery; Jason Buie@Yale; Solarbaby, Childerpop, Ani Kyd@Brickyard

FRI 23 Holly Cole@Orpheum; Junction, Soup@Jazz Cellar; Tobias, Carlos Miguel, Kuma@Club 23; Antimatter After Hours@Sugar Refinery; Paul Delay@Yale; Jerk with a Bomb, Octant, A Luna Red@Brickyard

SAT 24 Mark Isham@Performance Works; Steve Wright & Maczine@Silverstone Tavern; Bob Murphy Trio, Bunco & Single Malt Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Gastown Jazz [1-8pm]@Gastown; Judy Cline, Kypris, Mr. News@Brickyard

SUN 25 Lazy Cowgirls, Sons of Hercules, Hell Caminos@P.C.; Tammy Wees Quartet, Noel Bennett Trio@Jazz Cellar; Springer-Ducum Group@Jazz Cellar; Pat James Band@Yale

MON 26 Keb Mo@Vogue; Bobo Stenson@Culch; Springer-Ducum Group@Jazz Cellar; Pat James Band@Yale

TUE 27 Wytton Marsalis@Orpheum; Alvin Cormista, Sahara McDonald Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Sockamogge presents The

Ambushers, The Silencers@Anza Club; Lou Pride@Yale

WED 28 Exhibitions: Sex in the City Launch@Naked; Spygill, Bunco & Single Malt Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Big Bill Morganfield, Bob Margolin@Yale; Honeysuckle Serenito@Brickyard

THU 29 David Sanchez@Vogue; Stevie Vallance Quintet, Anna Lumiere Quartet@Jazz Cellar; Ellen McIlwaine@Yale

FRI 30 Ottmar Liebert@Vogue; NoMeansNo, the Ruby Doe, Removal@Graceland@Seattle; Libecoz, Bruno Hubert@Jazz Cellar; Lenxculpt, Enkephalin@Club 23; Studebaker John@Yale

SPECIAL

EVENTS

MORE THAN JUST A CLUB NIGHT

GRIZZLED FORMER RAYER BUNNIES TEAMALONGUE ARE RUNNING A VERY NICE, LITTLE DOWNTOWN AND ATMOSPHERIC ROOM AT CLUB 23 (23 W. CORDOVA) ON FRIDAY NIGHTS: LOCAL, INDEPENDENT ELECTRONIC MUSIC (INCLUDING LIVE PAS). COVER IS LIKE \$6 AND YOU GET TO SIT ON COUCHES WITH FRIENDLY PEOPLE. JUNE 2: EKEEM, AMBIENTE; JUNE 9: DONALD GLAUDE, DANA D., MATH GENIUS (LIVE); JUNE 16: BRENT CARMICHAEL, INTRINSIC, BRADLEY (LIVE); JUNE 23: TOBIAS, CARLOS MIGUEL, KUMA; JUNE 30: LENXULPT (LIVE), ENKEPHALIN (LIVE). CHECK OUT WWW.TEAMALONGUE.COM FOR OTHER EVENTS.

FREE MONKEE MOVIES AT THE ANZA CLUB!

SOCKAMOGGE FANZINE IS PRESENTING TWO MOVIE NIGHTS AT THE ANZA: JUNE 20TH AND JUNE 27TH (TUESDAYS). ON THE 20TH, CHECK OUT THE ULTRA-PSYCHEDELIC MONKEE MOVIE HEAD PLUS ANOTHER MONKEE MADE-FOR-TV SPECIAL. ON THE 27TH, THEY'LL BE SHOWING DEAN MARTIN IN THE AMBUSHERS AND THE SILENCERS. BOTH NIGHTS ARE FREE (!) AND START AT 7:00PM.

LETTER BOMB: WORKS ON PAPER

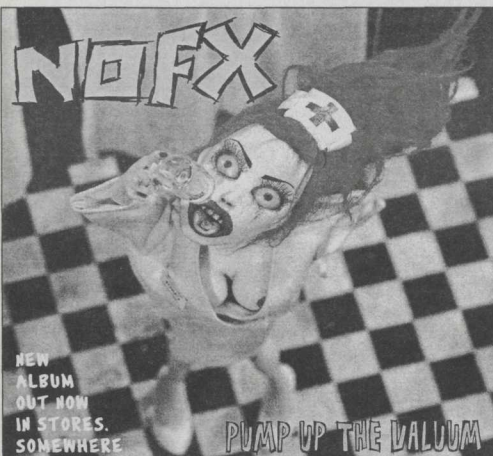
ANTHONY RANDALL IS AN ARTIST FROM TORONTO WHO JUST MOVED TO VANCOUVER. HIS NEW WORKS ON PAPER, USING STENCILS, COLLAGE, SPRAY PAINT, AND STICKY TAPE, ARE SHOWING AT THE CRYING ROOM (157 E. CORDOVA) AND THE OPENING RECEPTION IS ON JUNE 9TH FROM 8-11 PM. YES, WE LIKE ART.

VENUES • BARS • THEATRES • RESTAURANT • RECORD STORES

Amsterdam Cafe 302 W. Cordova St. (Gastown) 683 7200
Anza Club 3 W. 8th Ave. (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Aria Hotline 684 2787
Astoria Hotel 769 E. Hastings St. 254 3636
Bassix 217 W. Hastings St. (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Dog Video 3451 Cambie St. 783 6958
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th Ave. (at MacDonal) 732 5087
Blinding Light 36 Powell St. 878 3636
Boomtown #102/1252 Burrard (at Davie) 893 8696
The Brickyard 315 Central St. 685 3978
Cafe Deux Soleils 2096 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1195
Cambie 515 Seymour 684 7757
Caprice Theatre 965 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie St. (at Burrard) 689 3810
Cellar Jazz Cafe 3611 W. Broadway (downstairs) 738 1959
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 669 0808
Chan Centre 6265 Crescent Rd. (UBC) 822-3017
Citr Radio 101.9FM 233-6138 SUB Blvd. (UBC) 688 8071
Club Vassurus 1176 Granville St. (downtown) 682 4629
CNI Innox Theatre 999 Canada Place 683 3757
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 681 1531
Commodore Lanes 838 Granville St. (Granville Mall) 682 5345
CNB Skate and Snow 3712 Robson St. 683 5637
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova St. (Gastown) 879 0154
Croatian Cultural Centre 3250 Commercial St. (at 17th) 683 8774
Crosstown Music 518 W. Pender St. 683 2201
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman St. (West End) 682 3020
Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Garden Main Hall 578 Carrall St. 682 4388
DVB 515 Davie St. (downtown) 734 7469
Fifth Avenue Cinemas 2110 Burrard (at 5th) 688 0926
Freelish Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 687 7464
F.W.U.H. Beauty 552 Beatty St. (downtown)

Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678
Garage Pub 2889 E. Hastings St. (downtown) 822 9634
The Good Jacket 225 E. Broadway (at Main) 827 5665
The Grand Gallery 4124 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 3211
Hot Jazz Society 2120 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
Hurdy Records 221 Abbott St. 662 7017
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
Jupiter Cafe & Billiards 1216 Bute (near Denman St.) 606 6665
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Late July 465 Abbott St. (Gastown) 685 7777
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour St. (downtown) 685 3288
Medialuna 1926 W. Broadway
Minoru Pavilion 7191 Granville St. (Richmond) 608 0913
Moon Base Gallery 231 Carrall St. (Gastown) 738 7151
Naom Restaurant 2724 W. 4th Ave. (Kitsilano) 324 1229
Neptoon Records 550 Fraser St.
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
Oits Records 1176 Davie St. 669 5414
Oits Records 1340 Davie St. 647 1161
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 2648
Paradise 27 Church (New Westminster) 525 0377
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Pender (at Seymour) 682 3221
Pitt Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Pitt Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 685 7050
Puff/Beatsstreet 4326 Main (at 27th Ave.) 708 9804
Puff #14712 Robson (at Granville) 684 PUFF
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (Gastown) 602 9442
Queen Elizabeth Theatre Hamilton & Georgia 665 3050
Raffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1593

The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 685 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir St. (at Seymour) 681 1625
Richard's on Richards 1036 Richards St. (downtown) 687 6794
Ride On 2255 W. Broadway; 2712 Robson St. (upstairs) 738 7734
Ridge Cinema 311 Arbutus St. (at 16th) 738 6311
Scrape Records 17 W. Broadway (near Main) 877 1676
Scratch Records 726 Richards St. 687 0499
Seylwin Hall 605 Mountain Hwy. (North Van) 691 6864
Shadblot Centre for the Arts 6450 Deer Lake Ave. (Bby) 291 6864
Singles Going Steady 3296 Main St. (at 17th) 876 9233
Solar 65 Water St. (Gastown) 683 6665
Starfish Room 1055 Howe St. (downtown) 682 0176
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman St. (West End) 689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (at Main) 688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville St. (downtown) 683 2004
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 681 8915
Thunderbolt End Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 988 2473
Tribeca 536 Seymour 688 8385
True Yalu Vintage Robson (downstairs) 685 5403
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria) 254 9578
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 876 4165
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville St. (Granville) 738 7015
Varsity Theatre 4375 W. 10th (Point Grey) 222 2235
Vert/Futuristic Flavours 1020 Granville (downtown) 872 2999
Video in Studios 1965 Main St. (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vinyl Rekids 76 W. Cordova (Gastown) 689 3326
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 311 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave. (near Main) 876 9343
Welt Bar 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 6278
Whip Gallery 209 E. 6th Ave. (at Main) 874 4687
W.S.E. Hall 1862 Anderson (the Drive) 254 5858
Women in Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 732 4128



Live Hip Hop

in Vancouver

Monday, June 12

The CROSSFADE Turntablist Showcase Series with:

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X-Ecutioners, NYC

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Thursday, June 22

The inaugural edition of the
III-A-Mental underground hiphop concert series with:

Cali Agents aka

Planet Asia & Rasco

The Next Big Thing in West Coast Underground,

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featuring Jay Dee

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Bahamadia

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URB Next 100

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\$15 @ the door - No Advance Tickets

Arrive early to ensure entry

Plus: Del & Blackalicious - July 24

e-mail spectrumt@home.com

for concert updates via our e-mail list

MODEST MOUSE MOON & ANTARCTICA CD

The barren polar cap and the cold dusty moon...two number one tourist destinations for those that want some time alone. What would one listen to on the moon? **Pink Floyd?** Oh well, here we go. Northwest pop sensations, **MODEST MOUSE**, go the route of fellow compatriots **Built To Spill**, by jumping uncomprehendingly into the major record label game. Noisy, yet thoughtful refinement and a "let's do what we do best" confidence, this Sony Records debut, shows no signs of trimming the margins of their infectious brand of pop balladry. Believe it, you will feel the gravitational pull between the **Moon & Antarctica!** Disclaimer: this doesn't sound like **Pink Floyd**.

CD 19.98 AVAILABLE JUNE 9

STEVE EARLE TRANSCENDENTAL BLUES CD

D Earle and his **Dukes** return to update the all-country-rock Pfd that was last year's **The Mountain!** A scholar from the school of hard knocks, **STEVE EARLE**, like celebrated fellow No Depression Dean **Lucinda Williams**, has done a lot of living - and still has a lot of life to do. Welding bluesy rock with Nashville balladry and a bit of Texas boogie, **Transcendental Blues** captures Earle's honest roots vision across a wide palate of songs. Gorgeous aching bluesbreaks like "I Don't Want To Lose You Just Yet" to "Lonelier than This" - not exactly the kind of songs for cruising with the top down - make this the perfect record for those ready to soak in the grt still clinging to the bathtub of the **Stones: Exile on Main Street!**

CD 16.98 AVAILABLE JUNE 6

FONTANELLE S/T CD/LP

The new electro-prog phoenix has risen from the ashes of the Northwest's resident **Can-New** experts - **Jessamine!** Trading in their streamlined low-end grooves, **FONTANELLE** take on a more freefloating jazz inspired prog tact. Finesse and ordered beats give way to **Bitches Brew**-esque slabs of funkied out bounce. Now throw in a tinge of classical experimentalism à la **Steve Reich** and things really start deconstructing on this pleasing all-instrumental debut. This should aid tightly with both **Trans Am** and **Tied Tickle Trio** fans alike!

CD 16.98 LP 16.98



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tel 738.3232

STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed 10:30-7:00
Thurs and Fri 10:30-9:00
Sat 9:30-6:30
Sun 12:00-6:00

BELLE & SEBASTIAN FOLD YOUR HANDS CHILD YOU MAKE LIKE A PEASANT CD/LP

Wearing the school tie and wool shorts on a muggy Wednesday, you make your way up to the cat for a bowl of carrot and broth soup. Three hours 'til art class, you pass on the marmite on toast sandwiches...ah the humdrum routine. Countless days filling your journal with the musings of this romanticized boarding school life. "Fold your hands child you make like a peasant" - the latest page in **BELLE & SEBASTIAN's** twee-pop scrapbook, see's this Zulu fave embrace their pastoral Glaswegian settings, adding harp-chord, flute, viola and contrapuntal pop phasing à la **Nick Drake** fronting the **Zombies!** Yes it is timeless, but their time is now.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98 AVAILABLE JUNE 6

AMON TOBIN SUPERMODIFIED CD

Fling? The Brazilian sun, the Copa Cabana, Mardi Gras...well yes, but perhaps the audio travel agency should note that Brazilian music is truly a star attraction. **Amon Tobin's** quirky electronics got the ball rolling as the bossa-breakbeat revolution has finally caught on. More rhythmically dense than **Arto Lindsay**, more wood-windy than **Beck's Mutations** homage, these 12 tracks are the perfect Ninja Tune gateway.

CD 16.98

SLICKER REMIXES CD

Creatively packaged with 6 interchangeable front covers, this nifty remix record features a group of Hefly Records artists tweaking the angular compositions of their boss - **John Hughes aka SLICKER!** Featuring rework wizardry from **Motms, Super Esp, Mice Parade, Savath and Savalas, and Debarosa**, the **SLICKER** sound-of-rim 'n' bass model gets nicely skewed as **Hughes'** gatherings of tones and beats are scattered across each remixer's plot. Liberal interpretations and whimsical juxtapositions make this one of the more fun remix workshops this year. Recommended!

CD 14.98



RICHARD DAVIES BARBARIANS CD/LP

Finding a new home on Brooklyn's Kindercore Records, **RICHARD DAVIES** sounds relaxed, unquarried and ready to luxuriate his considerable verve for off-beat West Coast pop! Serene ballads made mostly of stripped down guitar and piano arrangements, on **Barbarians**, **DAVIES** tells his dense melodic pop artifice breathe with a new "less is more" confidence. The only talent out there that can match **RICHARD DAVIES'** enigmatic oddball dash is perhaps **Phish's Liam Hayes**... perhaps they can have a debate, and perhaps **Stephen Stills** of **The Marshall Field** could chair the panel. I'd say this is great, but we end all our ads that way.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98 AVAILABLE JUNE 6

VARIOUS ARTISTS

'TIL WE OUTNUMBER 'EM: THE SONGS WOODY GUTHRIE CD

Al Difrancia's Righteous Babe Records overseas this once in a lifetime gathering of singers, players, and talking giving props to one of America's most outspoken and influential artists. "Recorded at Woody's rock'n roll hall of fame induction, this most collection of tunes features original interpretations by **Billy Bragg, Ani DiFranco, Country Joe McDonald, Jack Elliott, The Hollies** and even a few from **Arta Guthrie!** A nice complement to the **Billy Bragg and Wilco Woody Guthrie** tribute.

CD 16.98

ROYAL TRUX POUND FOR POUND CD/LP

The milk turned sour sometime between late Friday night and sunset Saturday. The trip wire were set. Distracted after a long night interlarding into the Trux's latest blues platform. "This is post-modern blues..." "Trying to squeeze more juice out of the electric guitar..." "How can you connect the dots on this guy's ev' reading?" "Give 'em 120 volts...parallel, Johnson." Come ride the fiery breeze of the Royal Trux!

CD 16.98 LP 16.98



BLONDE REDHEAD MELODY OF CERTAIN DAMAGED LEMONS CD/LP

Personal Zulu faves, **BLONDE REDHEAD**, know how to keep their audiences guessing. Beginning a love affair with post-**Sonic Youth** dissonance, their early recordings featured careful noise-pop sculptures that magically balanced expansive walls of sound with minute textural melodic intricacies. Then came **In An Expression of the Inexpressible**, which blissfully reverbated with a New York '77 no-wave artiness and easily made most critics' "best of" polls. Now the trio shift their focus towards melody. **White Album**ers **Beatles**, arrangements of treated piano and voice and smooth flowing layered pop songs. Ecoute.

CD 16.98 LP 16.98

VARIOUS ARTISTS OHM: THE EARLY GURUS OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC: 1948-1980 3CD

Garrisoning an ecstatic review in UK's **WIRE** Magazine, this 3CD encyclopedia of early electronic experimentation is "the finest survey of the electronic avant garde, offering a sampler of divergent and contradictory trends in electronic music, while at the same time creating a treasure trove of hard to find and previously unavailable gems." A thorough archive, this indispensable box set connects the oscillating dots between the major players, **Cage, Riley, La Monte Young, Eno** etc, while also introducing some obscure pioneers along the way. A true source pack for fun on your pocketbook. **OHM** puts most of today's electronic music into context. Put your headphones on, feel through the nicely appointed 96 page book, and time forward 15 years to when this is the text book to a **Sonic Boom** Sound Art Exploration class!!

3CD 49.98

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL JUNE 30TH, 2000

— OTHER NEW RELEASES: —

BILLY BRAGG & WILCO Mermala Avenue II CD. The second installment in this fine collaboration.

DIANOGH Battle Champions CD/LP Little known but much loved Chicago post-rockers.

LOOPER Mondo 77 CDEP/10" Sophisticated beats from this smashing ex-Belle & Sebastian.

MASTERS OF THE HEMISPHERE I am not a freemason CD/LP New on Kindercore...pop with the fans and whistles.

NEW WET KOJAK Do things CD Many people have asked about these neat indie-rockers.

Various: PAY IT ALL BACK VOL. 4 CD The legendary Oh-N-Sound series plays on.

ARAB STRAP Elephant Shoe CD Finally out in America, the album to listen to just when you think your life got bad.

ALL Problematic CD/LP H-A-R-D-C-O-R-E H-A-V-O-C NASHVILLE PUSSY High as Hell CD Further proof of the rebirth of r-o-c-k!

LEATHERFACE Horsehoe CD/LP The cult of Leatherface is alive.

DANCEHALL CRASHERS The Live Record CD/LP Live they live up to their name.

MIKE INK Studio 112 series! Wow!! Gas tan alert. The re-issue of this legendary 12 inches.

Various DARLA 100 4CD A cheapo box of blessed out indie pop.

Various LOVE BALLADS CD Features Spring, Cao Bella, Fichery, Church Orchard and more.

CYPSOPHILE Unanchored CD New material from this French pop style merchant.

SUMMER HYMNS Voice Brother and Sister CD/LP Elephant 6 supergroup...the new Neil Young!

P.S... CHECK OUT OUR OLD LOCATION AT 1869 WEST 4TH AVENUE FOR ADDITIONAL CD & VINYL BARGAINS, WITH LOTS MORE STOCK JUST ADDED!